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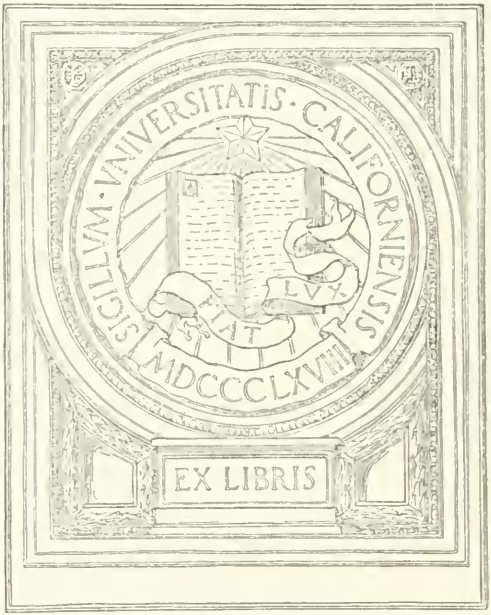

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Rev. TITUS JOSLIN.

CENTENNIAL SKYROCKETS:

A SERIES OF

FLIGHTS, FANCIES AND FACTS,

BY

Rev. TITUS JOSLIN,

FORMERLY ASS. PASTOR ST. STEPHEN'S, ST. PATRICK'S, ST. ANNE'S, ST. COLUMBA'S, ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S, AND ST. MICHAEL'S, IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK. SUBSEQUENTLY PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MONTCLAIR; STUDENT OF MEDICINE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 1843, 1844.

AUTHOR OF STAR OF BETHLEHEM, LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS, THREE KINGS OF COLOGNE, MONTH OF MARY, VIRGIN MOST FAITHFUL, ETC., ETC.

DEUS MEUMQUE JUS.

"*By the grace of God I have a horror of what is common place.*"—LACORDAIRE.

SECOND EDITION.

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EXPLANATION OF THE TITLE.

FIRING sky rockets is an amusement to which the author has been in times past no stranger, as well as the preparation of those various colored fires to which barytes, strontian, camphor, and iron filings lend their splendor. The sky rocket, like the prayer of a just man, *pierces the skies*, "*cœlos penetrat.*" The descending *stick* is probably the most dangerous part of the whole pyrotechnic performance. It *may* chance to hurt somebody. Believing that my rockets themselves are, for the most part, of a brilliant order, calculated both to amuse and instruct, I have avoided, in the *present* volume, the use of any of the heavier sticks.

PREFACE

TO

"AUTOGRAPHS AND PHOTOGRAPHS."*

By Rev. Titus Joslin.

"Father Joslin," so well known to the Catholic public of the city of New York during a period of ten or twelve years' labor among them; who remember that rich and poor were one and the same to him, for he was no respecter of persons, *has written a book!* Said Thomas Carlyle, "*O that mine enemy would write a book!*" Allow me to introduce you to this book, a work which, in the opinion of many, is going to make a first-class sensation; a work to which the author has been urged by a sense of justice that has proved at last to be irrepressible. Do you form a part of the circuit that is going to receive the shock? Don't be afraid. With the help of God, I am not going to do any injury. There

* My *original* work, from which the chapters of the present work are culled.

are no murderous designs. From some correspondence which has reached me you would think that I had taken in hand to make some "*awful disclosures*,"—that Maria Monk, or Maria Nun, or whatever her name was, was going to be eclipsed. I am neither a Monk nor a Nun. I have no disclosures to make about things I know nothing about. I have always minded my own business, and intend to keep closely to it, so as not to come under the anathema of the apostle who said "*quæ ignorant blasphemant*." As an ancient philosopher remarked about those who made a study of the stars, "The things that are above us are nothing to us." *Quæ supra nos sunt nihil ad nos.* It is no small consolation to me that most of my difficulties in this world have arisen from attending strictly to my own business, and leaving other people to mind theirs. It has been regarded as a kind of *contempt of court*, and I have been made to pay the penalty. I was never fond of going around to see sights, nor of toadying to mere effect. "*Rationabile obsequium vestrum*." In a word, come what might, I minded my own business and the sphere in which God had placed me. And for this I had high authority: the same who, in 1845, made me a Christian, and in 1852, made me a priest. "I wish you," said Archbishop Hughes, when once sending me on a mission of *confidence*, "to attend strictly to your own business." I found him once suffering from a sprained ankle, his foot on a chair. "This comes," said he, "in consequence of making one wrong step." Be sure, dear reader, I shall try never to make any *wrong steps*. Better make *no* step. I hope that by

this time I have dissipated the fears of those who *thought* that I was going to say what I had not *ought*. Whatever tale I unfold, I shall look out that no print of the cloven hoof marks my footsteps. There shall not be at the end "*the devil to pay*," for his charges are too exorbitant, and I could not afford it. "*Verbum sap.*" A word to the wise is sufficient, and here I have thrown out hints like the scintillations from a blacksmith's forge. No allusion here to the infernal blacksmith. I am a *white* smith. The public will not be disappointed in me, to whom they have so long given their confidence, and from whom I am continually receiving new assurances of it. For this present work I anticipate a *generous* reception; and while this generous reception is being accorded to it, a supplementary volume is in course of preparation, which will throw the present one altogether in the shade. Furnish me liberally with the "*sinews of war*," and you will see that I know how to fight, and am not unskilled in "the noble art of self-defence." But after all is over, let me be able to say, "*Bonum* certamen cĕrtavi *fidem* servavi:"—never, I trust, such an epitaph as that of that Chinaman, whose simple inscription was his own name, "Ah Hung." You see that my book is not going to let you go to sleep. The spice of variety will be sprinkled over every page, for mere facts are stubborn things. With all seriousness, in the subject-matter of my narrative I am to appear in a new *role*. Talents lie hid for long years, till occasion draws them out, and you have a new mine to work. Cornelius, a Lapide, was a dull student. He fell on the pave-

ment—"hurt his head"—and arose forthwith a bright boy, a great commentator.* The author of "Knickerbocker's History of New York" did not discover the vein of humor that lay buried in him till he began to work it. Thomas Hood alone declared that it was in him from his "*child-hood.*" I have aimed to produce a work spicy and pointed, and at the same time instructing and edifying, a truthful and useful book that I can *never regret.* It is evident that such a book must be *sui generis;* that is to say, the author will be found strictly himself and nobody else. The axles on which the narrative turns must be so thoroughly lubricated that no "Hub-Bub" will arise. "In *omnibus* charitas;" and where, I ask, is it more required?

---

* The great commentator will pardon any seeming irreverence, which is not intentional. The fact is authentic.

AUTHOR'S PROTEST.

If, by the injudicious use of language, words have escaped my pen which, in ecclesiastical technicality, can be construed as "offensive to pious ears," or if I have chanced to speak in a seemingly disrespectful way of those who, notwithstanding their birth and education, have been raised to the episcopal dignity, I hereby wish to be first and foremost to condemn and censure any such possible expressions as foreign to my own intentions and interior dispositions. I occupy at present a position for which I am not responsible, and which leaves me at liberty to express my private convictions on a variety of subjects, both in this and the *succeeding* volume.

URGING THE SAIL OF YOUR OWN WORK.

NOTICE.

THE accompanying "title page" and "preface" were issued three or four months ago, announcing my new work nearly completed, entitled "AUTOGRAPHS AND PHOTOGRAPHS," meaning thereby sketches of myself and some of my contemporaries, all being handled indiscriminately without gloves. The publication of the entire work has met with so many unforeseen delays and obstacles, that I have concluded that its circulation will receive no inconsiderable impulse (like a train propelled by two locomotives, one pulling and one pushing) by putting forth a small collection of specimen installments of some of the most disconnected chapters, which nevertheless give you a glimpse of the character of the work, leaving out the portion which has most offended my own sense of delicacy to put before the public—that portion of which it can most truly be said, "*Quorum magna pars fui.*"

Nevertheless, in due time you shall have all. For the present, accept with my compliments these first installments. I trust that no one, at the end of its perusal, will wish that I was "*Farther Joslin.*"

BY O' GRAPHY.

No "cursing" intended. *Erin go bragh.* Let's have the Irish chapter first—at least the chapter with an Irish caption. Let us begin with ourselves. So here goes a letter of introduction, that you may know who you are talking to, or at least who is talking to you.

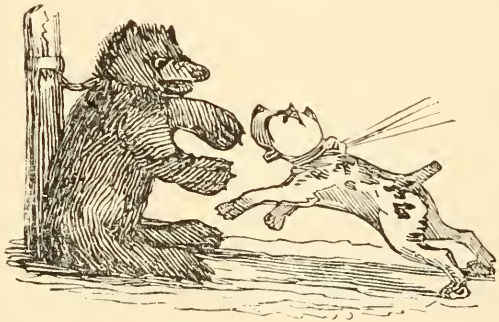
The author of these unprecedented pages was born in Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., on the 9th of October, 1827, the feast of St. Dennis, better known to some as St. Paul's convert Dionysius the Areopagite. Parents having removed to New York, he (the author, not St. Dennis) entered on the study of medicine at an unusually early age, and was duly enrolled on the medical catalogue of the university for the classes of 1843 and 1844, under such preceptors as Drs. Valentine Mott, Granville Sharpe Pattisson, Martyn Paine and John W. Draper, to which last he had the honor of being chemical assistant. About this time began to feel drawn towards the Roman Catholic Church, and was baptized by Archbishop Hughes, June 16th, 1845. Entered St. Joseph's Theological Seminary at Fordham, in 1847, and was or-

dained priest March 13th, 1852, by Archbishop Hughes. Served in the city of New York, under Archbishop Hughes, in various exceedingly difficult positions of responsibility and trust, until the fall of 1863 or beginning of 1864, when, at the invitation of Bishop Bayley, now Archbishop of Baltimore, accepted the charge of Montclair and adjoining townships until the removal of that prelate to Baltimore, shortly after which walked quietly back to New York after the manner that has been hinted at in one of the chapters. A period of leisure after twenty-three years of almost uninterrupted labor in the Catholic priesthood has given him opportunity to put together the present work, which is only the precursor of more heavy artillery, should it receive, as the author is convinced that it will, a generous reception from a liberal public

PREFACE.*.

A GIANT has slept within me for years. He is just waking up. In this *present* volume, you may consider him as just waking up, stretching himself, and yawning. He is not wide awake yet. After this trial trip he will be wide awake. He is just feeling his way, and rousing himself from the lethargy in which he has been sunk, and the fetters wherewith he was bound. You feel inclined, perhaps, to *jostle* him into life, so that you may know at once all the fire that is in him. Let him take his time. He will be fierce enough. Let him open his eyes and look around, before he plunges into the thick of the fight. Bear and forbear has been counseled to him for a long time, but he is getting tired of the whole *bear* business. Still, he does not want to undertake, all of a sudden, more fights than he can do justice to. He prefers to *go-at* the thing deliberately. Look before you leap, has always been regarded as a wise maxim. The *leap* year has not arrived. This is the *looking* year. There is a wide *sea* before me. The boy who told the schoolmaster

* Written for the original work, entitled "Autographs and Photographs."



Bear and Forbear.

that he wanted to learn navigation that afternoon, because he was going to sea in the morning, only astonished the pedagogue out of his wits. I must learn to row before I go in for a "*row*." I must try my strength in light armor before I put on heavy armor. I must encounter the wolf before I join in mortal combat with Goliath. How well or how ill I have selected the title of this book, the reader will pass his own judgment. It might have been called a *quasi* autobiography, succeeded by brief essays on Catholic subjects. It is an account, as well as I am able to give it, of my own conversion to the Catholic church, having not yet reached the years of manhood. The Catholic church captivated me, and I suffered myself to be led captive. So far as the Catholic religion proper is concerned, I found her a good mother. *Priests* have always had my confidence in the sacrament of penance. My own confidence in them there, could just as well be expressed in the words of St. Francis of Assisium. In his last will and testament he expresses himself as I hope to be able *in extremis:* "Our Lord gave me, and he still gives me, so much faith in priests, who live according to the forms of the holy Roman church, because of their character, that *if they were to persecute me*, it would be still to them that I should have recourse. I mean to fear them, to love them, and to honor them. What induces me to do this is, that I see nothing in this world so discerning of this same Son of God, the Most High, as His very sacred body, and His most holy blood, which they receive, and which they alone administer to others." St. Francis alone does the

church publicly acknowledge as her *reformer* in any sense that she tolerates the use of that word At the Pope's coronation, if Rev. Pamfilo da Magliano informed me aright, three *collects* or prayers are sung: one to the Holy Ghost, that he will *enlighten* the church; one to the Blessed Virgin, that she will *protect* it; a third to St. Francis, "*that he will continue the work of reformation that he began.*" St. Francis alone knows how to reform relaxed morals and discipline without deforming the church. St. Francis it was who said that the Catholic religion itself is "*only a little lesson of love,*" and that politeness was the *sister* of charity. St. Francis, the Seraph of Assissium, it was whose short but sweet Christmas sermon, "*Let us love the little one of Bethlehem,*" moved the hearts of all who listened to him.

TRIP TO QUEBEC IN 1852.

In the fall of 1852, in company with my brother, I took a trip to Montreal and Quebec. Father Olivetti, in Whitehall, took a great interest in my brother. Just before the train started, he slapped him on the back, saying: "My dear, never you be such a fool as to die a Protestant." He was a man of great zeal and charity. I used to hear him preach in New York in very broken English; but his zeal made up for all, and the people all listened in rapt attention. The Vicar-General of Quebec would not open my "papers" to look at them; told me to say mass in any church in the city. The next day, which was Sunday, a seminarian was dispatched to my hotel with an invitation for me to preach in St. Patrick's church. This was only one hour before mass time. My brother was present at the mass. He came near being mobbed for not kneeling at the elevation. They mistook him for an "Orangeman." I have often seen him eat oranges, but we, neither of us, ever sold them. There are some bad Orangemen in New Jersey. I have suffered a great deal from the Orangemen in Jersey. There was a whole town full of them about three miles

from Montclair. They harassed me so much that I determined to get out of it; and when I determine to do something, the doing does not follow long after. Well, I *am* out of it.*

One of the nicest men I knew in Orange was Mr. Waddle, the colored barber. He was formerly a member of the choir in the Catholic church in Charleston, S. C. Some of his friends, like George Harris, were splendid minstrels, great performers on the banjo. Mr. Harris and company came over to give a performance in my "St. Michael's Hall." They were far superior to any of the fraternity who sing in *cork*, ahead of all the *corkonians* put together, and gave us a good laugh with frequent repetitions. I have great faith in a good laugh, when there is a good conscience under it. It wants that to stand on. It is not a *good* laugh without that; there is something hollow about it. It wants the right "*ring*," like the man who came to get married, and had only a key in his pocket when the priest asked him to hand out his ring. Mr. Waddle knows how to *shave* in a way that is not barbarous, and Mr. Harris knows how to play the banjo.

Where have I wandered? Way off to Mr. Waddle's barber shop, and I ought to be in Quebec.

---

* "We are promised a new sensation in the North river tunnel, which will agreeably divert our minds from the consideration of when the East river bridge will be completed. Perhaps the most serious objection to the tunnel project is found in the fact that it will render access to New York more easy for Jerseymen. On the ferry-boat system it was possible now and then during the winter to put the bars up."—*Evening Mail.*

Well, my brother was no Orangeman, and they ought to have let him alone. I heard of the affair next day at the archbishop's table. The good old archbishop treated me as good boys are accustomed to be served. I sat beside him at the table, and he helped me to some of his own sweetmeats out of a little jar that stood before him, just as my father used to have his own sugar-bowl, for he was "death on sugar."

My father always allowed his patients to eat anything that agreed with himself. They might have sugar or milk to their hearts' content. We are very apt to judge others by ourselves. The archbishop of Quebec treated me to some of his own good things. He said that Archbishop Hughes did not come to see him, but I did. Perhaps, if he had gone, he would have had some sweetmeats too. That dear old archbishop has gone to a better world; may he rest in peace.

JOYCE AND RE-JOYCE.

An episode of St. John the Evangelist's, New York.

Archbishop Hughes sent me to the Church of St. Columba, in West Twenty-fifth street, New York, November 1st, 1853, presided over, as it is to this day, by the venerable Rev. Michael McAleer. On the 16th of April, 1859, I was appointed to St. John the Evangelist's, in Fiftieth street, up near where Mr. Joyce is making a *short* job of the new cathedral. The Catholics of New York will "re-Joyce" with him when it is done. Some of the faithful got it around that Joyce and I were cous-

ins on account of a supposed similarity of names, supposing that I was a Joyce*lin*, which, according to etymological construction, would be a little Joyce.

I "*re-joyce*" that this is altogether a mistake; not "Jocelyn's mistake,"* but a mistake in the common sense of the Farleys, Fallihees, Donahues, *et id omne genus*, who cluster around Fiftieth street. Terence and Patrick are both nice men. Two years at St. John the Evangelist's convinced me that, come what might, I would not put in for a *third term*. Taking this for *granted*, I set my wits to work to devise ways and means of clearing that port, and outgeneraling McMahon. There must be a *coup d'etat*. But how would I accomplish it? The blessed Virgin, help of Christians, did not fail me. On the morning of the 27th of June, 1861, I celebrated the votive mass of the Immaculate Conception, that our Blessed Lady would come to my assistance, and see me out of it; and so she did, for she was *never* invoked in vain.

There came a sick call, after breakfast, from Thirty-fifth street, near the arsenal. Having anointed the patient, I descended the rickety staircase to return; my heel slipped, my left knee-cap parted in sunder with the report of a pistol. I was conveyed to the residence of my friend, Mr. James Connolly, opposite the arsenal; but I never returned to St. John the Evangelist's. My successor, Rev. J. McEvoy, used to be congratulated that

* The latest novel out — "Jocelyn's Mistake," by Mrs. J. K. Spender.

he got out of it *without breaking any bones.* Let us all "*Re-Joyce.*"

After recovering from the accident, which was the work of two or three months, I was subjected for another couple of years to a species of *counter* irritation, which will be described in a separate chapter. "*Lord and Taylor!*" what a row was *there!* After which, I preferred for a while *reigning* in New Jersey to *serving* in New York;* came to the conclusion that I had been "Ass. Pastor" long enough, having borne "the burden of the day and the heats" for a period of nearly twelve years How, after ten or eleven years more of precarious subsistence, I got out of Jersey and made my happy escape back to New York, will be found in the chapter entitled "Emancipation; or, the black and white question."

"COUNTER" IRRITATION.

The last church in New York that Providence permitted me to have any remote connection with, subjected me to a great deal of "*counter irritation*" for a space of two years. True, I was only the Ass. Pastor; but this made my position all the more helpless, and, without redress, was left with no alternative but either to resist authority, or to sacrifice my own self-respect. I escaped at last by a *coup d'etat*, and the help of a carman, on the

* "I return to the Atlantic States," says Artemus Ward, "after an absence of ten months, and what state do I find the country in? Why, I don't know *what* state I find it in. Suffice it to say, that I do *not* find it in the State of New Jersey."

12th day of September, 1863. It was the month of St. Michael, and St. Michael the Archangel helped me to steal a march on my persecutors. He has, I believe, always helped me since I have been a priest, and continues to help me, and many pray for me that he will help me more and more, and bring me off first-best. He is the arm of God: and God shows might in his arm when he helps us through St. Michael, and scatters the proud in the conceit of their heart. Pride is always conceited. "*Counter* irritation" is difficult to tolerate when you get an overdose of it. Eighteen months had passed, there was no prospect of redress, and matters were getting worse. I wrote to Rev. Dr. McQ., an old and much esteemed friend, then living over in Jersey, what course he thought that I had better pursue. He replied that "we must *bear* and *forbear*." I wrote back to him that *bear* was getting the best of it, and would have to be made let go his hug,—too much *counter* irritation. Bear had practiced at Lord & Taylor's. But it would not do for me. I studied medicine, and knew just how much of it would answer, and just where "bear and forbear" ceased to be a virtue. Good Bishop Hughes had himself been subjected to a good deal of counter irritation, subsequent to the great draft riots, and was getting rather cross and irritable under a succession of infirmities, along with old age into the bargain. The "rings" had coalesced into a kind of chain around him. But St. Michael and St. John the Evangelist, to whom he was much devoted, helped me and helped him, and, as on other occasions, seemingly vanquished. I

came off, in point of reality, *first best*,—another step in the direction of independence. Who is like God? Or who is like St. Michael, to do the battles of God? It was a little remarkable that St. Michael himself would have to assist me to escape from a parish raised under his own invocation. But no bones were broken. Well convinced that any further use of the prescription of Dr. McQuaid to "bear and forbear" was *counter* indicated, I withdrew myself and my forces in good order to the residence of Dr. B. F. Bowers, 22 East Twentieth street, Sept. 12, 1863.

"Ass. Pastor."

A man came on a sick call. Pastor was up stairs on parlor floor, and saw the man. I was down stairs in the chapel, for we had there a house chapel. Pastor told the man he could not well go with him (it was a hot day in summer), but that his "*assistant*," who was down stairs, would accompany him. Poor man could not contain his indignation. "If you were two *hod carriers*," said he, "you might talk about your *assistant*." So I trudged up the Third avenue with him in the broiling sun, to see his sick wife. This was in 1859 or 1860. According to this poor man's Catholic sentiment, if we had belonged to the independent order of *hod fellows*, one could with more propriety have spoken of the other as his "assistant." You will perceive by the title page that I have been Ass. Pastor to six different churches, and have consequently borne the "*burden of the day and the heats*." To be Ass. Pastor is no "sine-cure." It means

generally to do the lion's share of the real work of the parish. Perhaps it would be difficult to find a more expressive title. So it will have to stand, though it does both look and sound very strangely as an abbreviation. Archbishop Hughes told me for my consolation once that he had been the greater part of his priestly life an Ass. Pastor. I hope I will have done no mischief by introducing an abbreviation.

MY "PATMOS."

February 1st, 1864, I consented to take charge of the three townships of Bloomfield, Caldwell and Montclair, offered to me by Bishop Bayley. Headquarters were at Montclair, which had just then received its name, and was a miserable place enough. But by dint of eleven years of patient up-hill work, I gained ground with those hard-fisted people, and made of that benighted region the flourishing Catholic parish that it now is, with a church property worth forty thousand dollars, whereas I found one not worth six thousand. But after all I had no business in Jersey. It was a place of exile. Montclair was my "*Patmos*," as Bishop Bayley called it. "How," said he, when I met him one day, "are you getting along in your Patmos out there?" It was indeed "Patmos," or Pat, anything else you choose to call it. But just as I had conquered the contending factions, and become in good earnest "master of the position," Bishop Bayley was dispatched to Baltimore; there came a "new appointee, who knew not Joseph," and Dutch was not long in ruling the day. To shake the

THE BLACK AND WHITE QUESTION.

dust of Jersey from off my feet was not the work of three-quarters of an hour, and leave behind me the fruits of a patient endurance of nearly eleven years. Good-bye, Patmos. More "Powers" to ye, as I said to Richard the night he got married. I am a New Yorker, and was never made nor intended for a Jerseyman.

Emancipation;

Or, how I got out of Jersey.

Blessed Peter Claver, the *Apostle of the Negroes*,* has, it seems to me, done me more than one good turn. Did he help me get out of Jersey? This was accomplished, without breaking any bones, by a *coup d'etat*,—a species of strategy, which has often served me to steal a march on the devil; that most artful dodger. In a word, I took "Spanish leave," without so much as saying "by your leave," when I was going to leave. That last exercise in strategic gymnastics was the safety valve of pent-up indignation. It prevented what might have been a disastrous explosion. I had been doing for a good while what they sometimes do on the Mississippi steamers, *sitting on the safety valve;* consequently, taking into account my naturally restless disposition, living over a volcano. So I took "Spanish leave," or "French leave," if that suits you better. My departure from the scene

* Having sent a copy of his *carte visite* to *Dr.* B. F. Bowers, bearing the inscription *Apostle of the Negroes*, the next time I met Dr. Bowers he asked me, in his quaint, mischievous way, "if I took him for a negro." He used the last word in form of an abbreviation.

of so many years of assiduous labor was, to me and to everybody, as unexpected as it was sudden. Do not imagine that it was indeliberate. *Sudden* and *deliberate* are by no means incompatible. God and St. Michael were with me. I was always cool in a crisis. On the eventful night in question no cucumber could surpass me in that species of *sang froùl* which is commonly designated presence of mind. It was a great leap, and there was not much chance for a long look. How little did I think, when I was celebrating the Holy Sacrifice in honor of St. Michael the Archangel, at the High Altar in my own church, Saturday morning, September 5, 1874, that that night I would sleep in the Astor House, a homeless wanderer, launched on the world at half an hour's notice. "*Sufficit diei malitia ejus.*"*

At half past seven or so, P. M., Saturday evening, Sept. 5th, the house bell rang,—the signal to call me out of the church to see what was wanted in the parochial house. I was met at the door by the inevitable Grace, who seemed terribly agitated, and informed me that a spectacled young man, with a *carpet bag*, had just come up from the train and asked for me. Why did she lay so much stress on the *carpet bag*?† Was it a burglar in disguise, and did that carpet bag contain his tools? Grace was sometimes over-suspicious, and I did not mind

* "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

† "Seen a man go by here with a bag?" was the anxious query of a boy in search of a friend yesterday as the stream of luggage-laden passengers for the afternoon trains poured into the Cortland street ferry house."—*N. Y. Tribune, Aug. 4th.*

her agitation. It was not the first tempest in a teapot. But young man himself seemed a good deal agitated, seemed to want air, asked me to open the window, and, as soon as he got breath, took from his breast coat pocket an "E. Pistol"* (don't get alarmed), and *handed it to me.* Did he give you a pistol? No, he gave me a letter in the unmistakable handwriting of Bishop Bayley's "pro temporary" successor. He told me his name was S. Teets. The letter was addressed to himself, was dated that very morning, and, to my complete astonishment, read as follows: "I hereby appoint you pastor of Montclair." Did the real pastor of Montclair act hastily? Some think that he did; that the old scenes of Pope and Anti-Pope should have been re-enacted, as they would have been had I remained till next day. My deliberation was a short one, and, I trust, a good one, though it cost the sacrifice of all my real and personal property. It did not take long to ring the bell for the man to harness the horse, and gather up what few things of my own personal property I could lay my hands on. "The horse is ready sir." "All right. Drive me to Brick Church station; the train leaves at nine."† We did not let the grass grow under our feet. "Daisy" knew the road by daylight or dark. The "steam horse" did *his* part with his

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* "I shall take for de subjek ob dis ebening's instruction," said a colored preacher, "dat portion ob de Scripture where de Possle Paul *pints his pistle at de Phesians.*"

The E. Pistol is destined to supersede Smith & Wesson's.

† Orange was always a very convenient *back door* to Montclair. As F. Gouesse used to say, "*always have a back door to your house.*"

own share of puffing and blowing. We shrieked through the tunnel, the ferry was reached, and then the New York shore. "*Laqueus contritus est et nos liberati sumus.*" That night I slept in the Astor House, as that very morning I had celebrated the mass of St. Michael the Archangel. If there *is* such a thing as *dust* in New Jersey, that night I shook it from off my feet.

Unless God and St. Michael had been with me, I could not have been so tranquil in so great a crisis. That God had a good end in view, I cannot doubt, for what trials of patience I had endured were known only to Him. Bright and early on Monday morning, I am told that a corpulent gentlemen was ringing at my brother's door, in New York, to see if he could ascertain my whereabouts. He wanted to get my roundabouts. They would never fit him. Let me handle him gently. That he had any but kind intentions I have no proof; were it otherwise, I should only say, with St. Paul, "*Alexander the coppersmith hath done me much evil. The Lord reward him according to his works.*" But I have no evidence that he came on any but a "holy office." Was he after a *Doanenation?* He thought to catch me with Patrick Hayes.* Van Wyck scoured Montclair. Dr. Bowers found me at the Gilsey House, my favorite *retreat.* His advice was capital: "So long as you don't know what to do, don't do anything." Better than that was what he wrote to me:

> "God liveth ever;—
> Wherefore, soul, despair thou never."

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* Begged Patrick for "*God's sake*" to tell him where I was.

I opened St. Vincent of Paul. His admirable maxim, under the head of May 2d, met my eyes. Here it is: "A natural inclination makes us require, that things which are advantageous to us should be done quickly. This, however, we should repress, in order to accustom ourselves to the practice of holy indifference, and leave to God the care of manifesting His will, being assured that when God wishes an affair to succeed, delays will not injure it, and that the less industry there is on our part, the more there will be of the wisdom and power of God."*

Some give themselves a great deal of uneasiness about their "*position.*" If you are where God put you, and for the time being doing the will of God, it is "*position*" enough.

Telegraphic Administration.

Such a procedure as I have described in the last chapter, which I could never look at in any other light than that of an unmitigated outrage of arbitrary despotism, could not have occurred in Europe. There it is a very difficult process to dislodge a parish priest. The thing cannot be done instantaneously. He is lodged securely, and dislodged with difficulty. Some crowbars have to be brought into play, and even then it is no child's play. Harder in Europe to dislodge the parochus than it was to lodge him. His *lodge*, or, if you choose, "lodgment," protects him—a kind of *vis inertiæ*, which is a power

* Maxims of St. Vincent of Paul, for every day in the year. T. W. Strong, 599 Broadway, New York.

that is made less account of in this world than it really exerts. To my mind, the *vis inertiæ* in its right sense is a very formidable power. *Heavy bodies move slowly.* But then, "you know," this is a *missionary* country, not that we are altogether cannibals, nor, as fast as we are, have we the velocity of "*canon-balls*," but we are supposed to be in a transition state, that is to say, *in transitu* from chaos to order. So the "ordinary" is invested with a good deal of extraordinary power. Remember, you must pronounce that "ex*tror*dinary," or, as my father once told me, you will have a very *extra*-ordinary way of pronouncing it. The ordinary, I say, in this extraordinary—stop—I mean *missionary* country, is invested with a good deal of extraordinary power, and can in many ways remind himself that he is really one of the "*higher archy*," should he perchance be otherwise in danger of forgetting it. Did any *ordinary* ever treat the author of this "Autograph" in a very ordinary way? I wish I had his photograph, but that inevitable Grace left it on the mantlepiece.

One thing puzzles me worse than the rule of three, viz., all the influences that are brought to bear in the appointment of these ordinaries to American sees. An American see (or *quasi* American) should be able to *see* without spectacles. If he is to judge people by their "*looks*"—though I must confess for my part I have no faith in physiognomy—if, I say, he is to judge people by their "*looks*," then he ought to be able to see how they *look* without spectacles. I have less faith in "Brewster's Optics," or "Benjamin Pike's," or "Semmon's," than I

have in my own. I have a prejudice against spectacles, although St. Paul *does* say: "*Spectaculum facti sumus mundo et angelis et hominibus.*"* It has never yet been my misfortune to wear spectacles, and if it was right to say so, I should say I *hoped* it never would. Of course it makes a man look like a *scholar*. That is all very well.

> "You may sometimes know a priest by his *collar*,
> And sometimes by his *spectacles* know a scholar."

Father Driscoll—and he is the only one who ever made such a remark—once had the kindness to say that I was a *poet*. You may take this last for my first effort in that direction. *Poeta nascitur non fit.* Let us say nothing here about *fits*. I hope that the unfortunate subject of them has ere this repented in a better way than did Judas Iscariot. Some of my *points* require future explanation; don't forget that "supplementary volume." I shall never forget Father Driscoll's amusement when he saw my *first* cassock in the seminary. Mr. McEvoy had made it too short every way—too short in the arms, too short in the waist, too short in the skirt, *too short all over*. It was a "*picture*," and made me another. Rev. Superior said that I looked like "*Brother Jonathan.*" Never having seen *his* brother Jonathan—an unusual name, I confess, for an Irishman—and not having any brother Jonathan myself, I am at a loss to conceive how I *did* look. Only he said that I looked like Brother Jonathan, and he must have had some ground for the

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* "We are made a *spectacle* to the world, and to angels, and to men."

comparison, unless the comparison, like the genus in general, went altogether on one leg.

Well, I look so little like brother Jonathan now, that I could not, by any possibility, convince a man the other evening that I was not an Irishman. I told him that I was *as good as an Irishman*, which he would have acknowledged if he had known that I was a priest.

This reminds me of a man who came to St. John the Evangelist for me to go with him on a sick call, to see his wife, remarking that "his missus came from the same part of the old country that I did myself."

I make these remarks to show that I have been long enough a Catholic to begin to *look like one*. You may become a Catholic by the grace of God all at once; but you cannot all at once *look like one*. Two years under F. McCloskey at the Church of the Nativity, five years with the Jesuits in the seminary, twenty-three years in the Catholic priesthood, have not been for me in vain. I have got to look like an Irishman; that is to say, I am just beginning to *look* like a *Catholic*.*

"EX HIS OMNIBUS ERIPUIT ME DOMINUS."

"From all these has the Lord delivered me." These are the words of St. Paul, after giving an enumeration of the various perils through which he had passed; perils of fire, perils of water, perils by sea, perils by land, perils by night, perils by day, perils by *false brethren*,

* Do not say "*Cawtholic*." A Cockney being summoned to spell *saloon* thus acquitted himself: "a hess, and a hay, and a hell, and two hoes and a hen;" or "hess, hay, hell, ho, ho, hen."

which he enumerates last, but by no means least. But he adds, *ex his omnibus eripuit me dominus:* "From all these has the Lord delivered me." I am not St. Paul, nor have I ever been intentionally a persecutor of the church, though, according to one genealogy, I come of the tribe of Benjamin; and so, of course, does my brother. But I have experienced the truth of St. Paul's assertion, that all who wish to serve God more than the world shall meet with contradiction. That any real physical attempt was ever made to *poison* me, I cannot be so positive that I would like to swear to it. That, morally speaking, such attempts have been frequently and repeatedly made, I am more certain. *Vidi laborem et contradictionem.* I have been the witness of labor, contradiction, and various intrigue.

I have been teased, thwarted and annoyed;—perils within my own dominions; perils outside; perils all around; perils of would-be friends; perils of hypocrites; perils of secret enemies; perils of open antagonists; perils from secret societies; perils from infidels; perils from those *calling themselves* Catholics; and perils, too, from false brethren. *Sed ex his omnibus eripuit me dominus.* But from all these and many more has the Lord delivered me. *Transivimus per ignem et aquam et eduxisti nos in refergerium.* We have passed through fire and water, and thou hast brought us into a place of refreshment. *Saepe expugnaverunt me, saepe expugnaverunt me a juventute mea, etenim non potuerunt mihi.* "They often fought against me from my youth, but they were not able to prevail over me." *Domine ut scuto bonæ vol-*

untatis tuæ coronasti nos. "Thou hast crowned us, O Lord, as with the shield of thy good will."

In a word, God has helped me. St. Anthony of Padua has helped me. Good prayers have helped me. There have been more *with* me than *against* me. As the venerable F. Legouais once said: "Do you not *see* that God is with you?"

"IN OMNIBUS CHARITAS."

An English-latin disquisition.

The world is an *omnibus*. It is for all. There is no passenger *left behind.** All *must* ride, and needs be sometimes *jostle* each other. Here is where charity comes in. After charity gets aboard, *jostling* does not make so much difference. The old vehicle *will* give a bounce where the road is rough. It *will* lean on a declivity. Sometimes the axles will squeak, and the discordant noise grates harshly on our ears. We would rather it were a "*Hub*"-bub just in from Boston. We are sensitive; but so soon as charity steps in all goes easy. When charity is aboard, you lose all consciousness that the stage is getting crowded. That passenger will not let you feel it.

So, above all things, let us have *omnibus charitas. In necessariis unitas.* O yes.

By all means. *In dubiis libertas.* Why not?

But, over all and above all, *in omnibus caritas.* It is

* "HOULD, ye old murtherin' stame ingine," exclaimed Cornelius, running out of the restaurant at the station; "ye have a passenger aboard that's left behind."

the motto of this book ; the figure-head of the ship ; the banner under which we sail *in omnibus caritas.*

Faith is necessary, hope is true liberty, but what is the one or the other without charity ?

Let the conclusion of all be *in omnibus caritas.*

And if we do not have charity *in omnibus*, where can we expect to find it ? Let there be always "in *omnibus* caritas."

Fidem Servavi.

The reader will probably take the last chapter as a *jeu d'esprit* on a serious subject. Remember that in my "preface" I promised not to let you go to sleep—I mean during the perusal of this work ; for sleep in its own proper time is, as my friend Dr. Robie Wood very justly remarked, nature's great restorer. What a faculty I have for dragging people into this work by the ears ! But I have thus far violated nobody's confidence, and in that sense "*fidem servavi ;*" and in a much nobler and higher sense, through all the chances and accidents of an eventful life, *fidem servavi.* But what does faith require of me ? It requires of me to believe the Holy Catholic Church. Our boosy friend in the gutter did not *lose* the jewel of his faith, though the mud of sin and inebriation had obscured its lustre ;* for being interrogated for the definition of a Catholic, he replied unhesitatingly : "One that profisses the true faith, and is obadient to the Pope." I profess the true faith, and I am obedient to the Pope. Beyond all peradventure I am a Catholic. My

* "Whatever I do," said *Ebrius* to me in the street, "I carry God in my heart." He said it so earnestly that I believed him.

faith is the most precious jewel in my diadem, and when inflamed with charity, it is resplendent. My faith teaches me that the scope and end of the Christian religion is not to give a standard of morals, but to train men for heaven. I sail in the ship of Peter, but my confidence is in the ship and in the captain, not in all the *barnacles* that have either in ancient or modern times attached themselves to the ship's sides. *In necessariis unitas.* Believing all that is strictly of faith, I am free to hold my own opinion, derived from personal observation, in things that are not necessarily of faith; for he who pronounced the axiom, *In necessariis unitas*, declared axiom number two, *In doubtful things liberty.* So I take that liberty which St. Augustine gave me. I doubt the expediency of many points of administration. I ask myself: Is the Catholic Church in these United States really going ahead, as many would make us believe? Does she hold *her own?* "He," says St. Paul, "who does not have a care of his own household, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Does the Catholic Church, with all the big talk about wonderful advances, does she hold her own? Is her success real or financial? Do the poor have the gospel preached to them? Are they never turned away from church doors by booby menials for their poverty? Bishops and parish priests perhaps do not know it: but it is their business to know it. What are they *for?* A rough hand was put to my shoulder last fall, as I entered a grand church that stands in the centre of New York city. "They did not know me." Of course they did not know me; all the worse. They treated me like *anybody else*..

*Ecclesia Dei non more castrorum custodienda,** said St. Thomas of Canterbury, when about to be martyred in his own cathedral—St. Thomas, he whose mother† put her little infant boy into one side of the balance, and his weight in gold into the other, for distribution to God's poor. "*Blessed is he who understands concerning the needy and the poor: the Lord will deliver him in the evil day.*" Go where I will, I see, instead of sufficient churches and priests, a horde of "brothers" and "sisters," mendicant and otherwise, overwhelming the country. Does my Catholic faith *oblige* me to believe that that is expedient, and for the true interests of religion? I think not. My faith is in the old ship that set sail on the day of Pentecost, A.D. 34, for the successor of St. Peter is an infallible captain. But as for either old or new *barnacles* that have attached themselves to her sides, I have *no faith in them.* The sooner they are scraped off, the better; and I trust that I shall not get myself into any *scrape* for having said this.

SMALL CRAFT.‡

"I confess that I have never had the ability," says *Mr.* Spurgeon, "to manage a small congregation. It is like

* The Church of God is not to be guarded like a camp of soldiers.

† Mother of S. Thos. of Canterbury was a Saracen.

‡ At a small church in England recently, upon the reverend "gentleman" announcing his text, a respectably attired woman entered the church, causing the hearers to look around to see who the latest arrival was, whereupon the reverend "gentleman" said: "Now, my friends, just look at me. Let me have your attention, for those who come in late are not worth looking at."

a small boat. You must get in carefully; you must sit in it just so—not too much on this side, nor too much on that side—so as to keep it very evenly balanced, or you will get capsized." I acknowledge much truth in the observation, and that it requires more skill and tact to control a small assemblage of people than it does to command a large crowd, and more zeal to instruct a handful than it does to address a vast audience. The *little* boat is always the most hazardous; and yet, Saint Francis of Sales preferred preaching to small assemblages, believing that God enabled him to do more good. But he was a saint. One of the most efficacious sermons I ever listened to was delivered by a disciple of Saint Francis of Sales to a roomful of wretched women in the "Tombs." He first read a chapter from an old worn "Testament," and then made some brief remarks. That God was there with both speaker and listener none could doubt. Heart spoke to heart, and few dry eyes remained, though many an old shawl had to serve for handkerchief.

GRACE.

You imagine, expectant reader, that I am about opening a tract in theology. "*De Gratia.*" No. I am only going to tell you something about a faithful housekeeper, an old and tried friend, although, in truth, I always claimed to be head housekeeper myself. But we never quarreled about that. Ordination paved the way for subordination. Grace was the terror of all those inquisitive busybodies who are so apt to infest the kitchen of a priest's house, and taught every one who came within

the sphere of her jurisdiction to mind his own place. Answer ye, who ever ran afoul of that craft, if it was not so. My book would be very incomplete if I did not say a word about Grace. Grace was jealous for my independence, in every truest sense of the word. Grace was a stumbling block to all busybodies. One of the *Orange** tribe called over to Montclair at dusk of evening in my absence. The usual interrogations of course: "Where is he?" "When did he go out?" "Did he say when he would be back?" "What time did he say his mass this morning?" "Was he home yesterday?" Finding every effort to gain undue information futile, as a last resort she displayed a *watch*, and inquired of my indomitable if she knew her place. "*Do you know yours?*" quietly retorted the sentinel. It is needless to add that the enemy retired in confusion. "Egg Harbor" parochus had experience of her prowess, and retired defeated. He had called for the fourth time without chancing to find me in, and spoke with the air of one injured, because I was not at home, himself a total stranger to me. "*But you are not at home yourself, sir.*" He was disarmed, discomfited—anything you choose to call it—and forthwith sought other and more genial climes to pursue the avocation of collector. I always preferred to be collector of my own "port." Grace generally preferred to do all the work herself, and could do the work of six if it was necessary. Being a very strong *will*, there was a *way*. Parties, and they

* "Orange," some three short miles distant from Montclair; headquarters of hatters generally.

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were not infrequent, who were ambitious to be her assistants, were apt to find that the discipline of that camp was too severe, and retired in disgust. A gentleman who came often to see me, said one day to "Barney Galligan": "Father Joslin very nice man, but he has a dreadful housekeeper." Grace was not unmindful of the old proverb, "*Be kind to the cat.*" We kept some splendid specimens of the feline tribe, and they had little cause to complain of *their* treatment. Such a thing as "*mew sick*" was almost unknown. "*A mew singly*" would often be my only company to dinner. "*Come, listen to my mews*" would not, however, be a polite invitation of an evening.

"The burial of Sir Thomas Kitten" was one of our favorite ballads.

> "And they thought, as they gazed on the face of the dead,
> Of the fights they would have on the morrow."

They were all well taken care of. So was "*Jack*," a fine Newfoundland dog who had been presented to me, and died at an advanced age—not, however, from an overdose of "*canine*." I never replaced him after his demise, for we had a shocking case of hydrophobia in the parish, and I was accustomed to tell my people ever afterwards, that the next worse thing to have around the house, after the devil, was a dog. Do you say I am *dogmatic?* I only express my private conviction, that the extermination of dogs, for some generations, would be a benefit to humanity:—and that every dog has had his

day. Let there be at once a corner in the market for strychnine, nux vomica and antidotes to canine generally.

After my sudden and most unexpected departure from Montclair, on Saturday, Sept. 5th, 1874, Grace stood her ground and protected my house like a citadel from those who waited to gain an entrance and make havoc of my personal property. She succeeded in saving for me one or two of my suits of vestments, which she dispatched to New York before the enemy gained admission, so that, between all, I am in possession of my altar stones, chalices, ciborium, and all the requisites for celebrating the holy sacrifice of the mass.* If I am asked who helped me so much, I must say "Grace." *Bridget* also rendered valuable assistance in the work of *rumaging*. B. B. That means *be* Bridget, if so you were christened. It is too great a name to be trifled with. G. informed B., on coming in, that a "*crisis*" had arrived. What beautiful sympathy we sometimes get in tears!†

Broiled Lobster.

"Bridget, did you boil that lobster?" "No, ma'am, the divil a bit of him would he *broil;* the faster I put him on the coals, the faster he walked off." Lobster was right. This has always been my own *modus operandi*, never to consent to be broiled. Put to the alternative of

* One of my altar stones is labelled "Archbishop's Private Chapel." It belonged to Archbishop Hughes.

† A doctor's wife tried to move him by tears. "Ah," said he, "tears are useless; I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of sodium, and water."

resisting authority, or of sacrificing self-respect, *I walked off* as coolly and deliberately as you like. In the year 1863, "*counter* irritation" put me to that alternative in New York. *I walked off* to inhospitable Jersey. Ten or eleven years later, put to a similar alternative, *I walked back again*. But do not imagine that this last *return from exile* was out of the frying pan into the fire, or back to the frying pan again. "*Frey*" and I have not for a long time been on terms of intimacy. I used to be his penitent. He is a *friar*. He is surrounded by *friars*, a whole brother-*Hood*. They wear long beards, and present indeed a very venerable appearance. I saw one of the lay fraternity shoveling snow off the sidewalk, as I passed last winter. I was the wrong passenger, and he did not wake me up. The convent is, I suppose, what they call a *friary*. Where there is some smoke, always a little fire. One of themselves walked off to the "valley of oranges."

STATIONERY.

I used to keep *stationary*, that is to say, I always "stay put," until once put to the alternative of "resisting authority or sacrificing self-respect." Otherwise, I "kept stationary." Many do well by keeping stationary. The rolling stone may indeed gather polish, but it does not gather moss. It gathers *mos*, but not moss. Some very obliging friends of mine keep stationery, and have done so for a long time, so that their firm is well known in New York, though it has not penetrated into New Jersey. I deduce this from an incident in my own experi-

ence last fall. I had addressed repeated letters to a gentleman "ordinary," who, at the end of a couple of months, replied that he had hitherto declined returning any answer "through so transparently *fictitious* a firm as *Styles & Cash*;" that "such trifling was *infra dignitatem sacerdotalem*." Well, I might have made a worse mistake myself, had I been predisposed to imagine that anybody wanted to trifle with me.

Styles & Cash still *keep stationery* at 77 Eighth avenue. Like this work of mine, it is their own *manufacture*.

By Hook or by Crook.

"What have you been doing," some one asks me, "since your hegira from Montclair? How have you been getting along?" Ans. By hook or by crook. No longer by crook; for no crozier which is signified by crook has lent me any assistance. "Then I suppose in the other way." Ans. What alternative? How have you got along? Where did you say mass? How did you cherish your faith, and keep it alive and warm? How did you keep at bay temptations? How did you practice charity? How did you render spiritual services to your friends? How did you battle and confound your enemies? How did you keep yourself in the grace of God? To all of which I reply, *by hook or by crook*.

St. Joseph and St. Anthony, of Padua, have still helped me, and helped me to keep still till it was time to make a noise.

"Joseph, pure spouse of that immortal bride,
Who shines in ever virgin glory bright,
Through this dark world thy humble suppliants guide
Back to the realms of light."

How did the author keep himself so successfully concealed during those long months? *God hid him.* One night he stopped at the Gilsey House. On entering his room for the night, he opened the Sacred Narrative that lay on the table. "The king ordered four of his men to seize the prophet Jeremias. *But God hid him.*" Yes, said I, God hides me.

THE PAROCHIAL HOUSE.

A reminiscence of Montclair.

It was a curiosity in its way. Was originally built for a country tenant house. Was a double house; so I cut through the partitions in the endeavor to make large rooms out of small ones. It seemed to be all doors and windows. For all that, it made a very admirable *priest's house.* The little steep, narrow stairways, without balusters, were the most inconvenient and unsafe part of it. "A man must be perfectly sober," said Bishop ——, "to come down these stairs." He stood at the top of the flight, and I awaited him below. That was the lodge I had in my vast wilderness. I detest such names as "rectory," "parsonage" and the like. Give us plain English: *priest's house.* Had it been the residence of a Whittington or a Wickham, you might have called it a "*mayor's nest.*" At all events it was a *white house*, as

two substantial coats of zinc paint abundantly demonstrated. I was just preparing to erect a house in which one could preserve the erect posture along with his own health, when *sago* was prescribed, and I beat the same hasty retreat back to New York that I had beaten out of it, of my own accord, in 1863.

Church "Societies."

They have not a few objectionable features. You will ask me: "Do they not at least cause men to frequent the sacraments?" They do cause men to frequent the sacraments for a while, as a matter of *routine*. I am not fond of too much spiritual machinery, even when it does "*serve a turn.*" I like to see men and women, and boys and girls go to confession and holy communion on their own responsibility, affording them meantime *continual opportunity* to do so. That was St. Philip Neri's plan, and Father Muppiatti's,* and Father Varella's, and a host of other good, zealous priests. It shows a solid and independent faith. They become a more solid and self-responsible kind of Catholics for doing so. Every one stands more on his own foundation, and does his duty for duty's sake and the good of his own soul, and not just because it is the fashion, and he sees others do it. There is not so much of the flock of sheep style about it. Shall I be allowed to say it is *less worldly?* I believe in my heart (where I believe a good deal) that many so-called religious societies are a simple and intolerable nuisance

* See appendix.

to the parish priest—God help him! Only they have come into vogue. There is no end to them. May God vouchsafe to humble *all* the enemies of the Holy Church.

FIREWORKS.

Plenty of good servants in these days, and not a few *bad masters*. We live in an age of combustion and combustibles. Three several times was my church in imminent danger from the fire fiend, and every time almost miraculously saved: once by the Blessed Virgin, once by the Blessed Sacrament, and once—*the last time*—by holy water.

When Archbishop Bayley pulled up stakes in Newark, there was an *inter regnum*. Who would succeed him? Did every priest in the Jersey diocese think that perhaps *he* would be the man? I had better mind my own business, for how do I know? Suffice it to say that all were individually interested that a *good man* should get the appointment. The P. P. of Montclair bade his congregation invoke St. Michael, placed a large picture of the great archangel over the high altar, and promised that he should not come down until a new bishop would be appointed. But in the course of arranging some decorations, the promise was unfortunately forgotten, and St. Michael did come down, and was placed temporarily near the altar of the Blessed Virgin. By an untoward accident, that altar took fire and was nearly consumed; but wonderful to say, the statue of Most Holy Mary escaped without the first mark of fire or smoke, along with

her *lace veil.* St. Michael did not fare so well; the picture was a mass of charcoal. The fire spared, however, *the devil,** with the *arm* of St. Michael thrusting the spear into him, and the *foot* of St. Michael *standing on him.*

Secret Societies.

Not only the celebrated Dr. Cahill, but Dr. Martin A. O'Brennan, the "Connaught patriot," passed several days with me at my house in Montclair. I found Dr. O'Brennan a learned, erudite, and highly accomplished gentleman as well as a good practical Catholic into the bargain. Having got head and ears into hot water with the British government, he fled to America, leaving his wife to conduct the paper and superintend the printing-office, at home, where she could probably raise fully as much annoyance, to say the least, as he could himself; for a rampant woman is any day a match for a rampant man. Be that as it may, it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and Dr. O'Brennan was my guest, and I derived no little edification and instruction from his conversation, as well as recreation in his company. He was a scholar, every inch of him, though he wore no spectacles. He gave me the *true* derivation of many Irish names whose orthography has become strangely *anglicised* and corrupted. "*Duffy*," for instance, was originally "Dub Tac," and so of many other names that now make such euphonious cognomens. But Dr. O'Brennan's erudition was not con-

* "Just like him," said a visitor to whom I was exhibiting the charred remains of the picture, "he always comes off first best."

fined to "Erin go Bragh." The Oriental languages were as familiar to him as the Celtic. "*Parsa*," he told me, signified "*the man*." Hence "*Persia*," which anciently covered the site of the garden of Paradise, where *the* first *man* was created. My erudite visitor reminded me of my old friend Father Mark Murphy, on Staten Island, who could read that charming book, the "Arabian Nights," in its original Arabic. After a while our conversation at the breakfast table, one morning, fell, "as luck would have it," on the much-mooted question of secret societies. *Why*, said Dr. O'Brennan, your own household is a secret society. True enough! Here was a new idea. Every household is in point of fact a *secret society*. Every organization is, in some sense of the words, a *secret society*. Every *institution* is a secret society. Every religious family is a secret society. Every so-called charitable institution is a secret society.

Is the Church a secret society? All I know about that is, that in the early ages she boasted of what she called the *Discipline of the secret*, meaning thereby that the mystery of the Holy Eucharist must not be communicated to the *uninitiated*..

"Give not what is holy to dogs, and cast ye not *your* pearls before swine." Priests are the guardians of the Blessed Sacrament. It is *their* most precious pearl.

So in the early centuries the Church would not allow unbaptized persons even to *know* that she held such a doctrine as the real presence of the Lord Jesus Christ in the blessed sacrament. Some of them might betray her, and pervert the true meaning of the mystery in the

eyes of the infidels. Indeed, the pagans *had* some queer stories about it. A Catholic gentleman once asked me if I thought the Church had anything corresponding to the discipline of the secret *now*.

I do not know what put such an idea into his head. He was a little eccentric any way. R. I. P.

Tee To Tailors.

I am indebted to the late Richard Pius Miles, Bishop of Nashville, for the heading of the present chapter. The good Dominican bishop was the gentleman who could enjoy a dry joke when it was harmless. I made his acquaintance while stationed at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, in 1852.* A "*Tee To Tailor*" is a sensible man, who has set his face against the miserable and poisonous *compounds* sold around under the misnomers of brandy, rum, gin, whiskey, Sherry and Port wine, etc., etc. Be *chary* of all such sherry.

Your stomach is not made of sole-leather,† and the *fire water* will, sooner or later, disorganize it past remedy. Liquors are not what they used to be. Nineteen-twentieths of them never saw a *distillery*. They are *compounds*, and plenty of rank poison has gone into the mix. Scarcely any whiskey without *kreasote*. What do you say to that? Now we are getting nice light *native wines*, such as Catawba, California, Reisling, etc. They are not *fire*

* While at the cathedral I did not receive the first cent of either salary or perquisites. Who is to answer?

† Not strange; that a man with three "schooners" of lager should find it hard to navigate when he's half seas over.

waters. They warm you gently, but they do not inflame. *Similia similibus curantur*. There is my motto. *Like cures like*.

Good liquor, by which I mean Catawba and native wines, will help wean you off from the infernal *fire waters* that are now sold around. I am not a bigot of the so-called modern temperance school. I know that there are no sins so offensive as those of other people.* I believe in *four* cardinal virtues—prudence, justice, fortitude *and* temperance; *none* of them to be overlooked. Of the *modern* temperance movement, I say what the old lady said when asked what she thought of the doctrine of "total depravity." "It is a very good doctrine," she replied, "if people would only live up to it."†

"The *end* of the Christian religion is not to teach a

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* Danbury News Man.

† "Feeling the great need of a *club* of some kind," says J. Billings, "I have organized a temperance club. The principal object of this club is to cultivate social sentiments without the aid of whiskey. We solemnly believe that whiskey is only good for the Indians. All persons making application for admission must at least be sober enough to be ashamed of themselves. Man is our brother, and we haven't learnt yet that *rum* has destroyed the relationship. No muzzles on man or kritter allowed in this club. Members taken for one sitting for the purpose of getting sober. We don't believe that law ever kept a man sober long; but we do believe that entreaty and example *has*. One of the principal objects of this club is to find out which has got the most spirit in it—a man or a quart of whiskey. No one who belongs to this club is obliged to eat a pound of salt cod fish and not feel dry."

All the colors of the 'spect-rum—a toper's nose.

Spell *murder* backwards, and you have unearthed the "*Cain*," that is to say, the murderer.

system of morals, but to train men for heaven."—*F. Faber.* Are we in training for heaven?

Ginger Pop.

*Best substitute for strong drink,**

I will not, like Artemas Ward among the young Shakeresses, invite you to play "*puss in the corner*," but only propose some conundrums. Do you like puzzles? Here is number one: Why is a bottle of champagne minus the cork like an orphan? Ans. Because it has lost its *pop*. That is more than can be said of all "orphans." Another conundrum: "What is the latin for goose? *Anser*." And so it is. *Mr. So-and-So* could not have answered more correctly. Our supply is not exhausted. A few more left, as the "razor-strop man" used to say. Who is the father of all corn? Answer. *Pop corn*. That is atrocious. I clipped it from one of the "dailies." But who is the father of all the priests in America? The newspapers cannot answer that. "Patsey" would tell us. He knows full well that we would not have to go to Rome for the solution, although *solutions* of all kinds generally *do* come from Rome. Rome unties all the hard knots for the world at large, but never permits any to be cut, for fear they should come again. Let us

* A good point against the moderate drinkers was made by a little girl at Saratoga. Replying to a question why she refused the wine when it was passed round, that "she didn't like it," her interlocutor rejoined that she should take a little for her stomach's sake. "I ain't dot no tommick's ache," was the emphatic and indignant answer.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

always avoid unkind cuts, such as "Calendula" will not cure. As regards the question that is now up, let us without further delay uncork the bottle that contains "Patsey's" solution. "If you want to find 'Pop,' go to Rhode Island." "Pop" is fond of old-fashioned exclamations, such as, "The Lord be praised," "*Domine Deus*," etc., etc. He never loses his equanimity. He is somewhat advanced in years since the old seminary days, but the *soubriquet* sticks to him. He was considerably the senior of all of us, even then, and his bland paternal way with us secured him the title. He belongs to the titled nobility. Should this meet his eye, he will most likely exclaim, "*by Ginger*," which, according to Gury,* is not cursing. I don't want to be responsible for any curses. "Pop" does not reside in Faith street, nor in Charity street, but in "that other" street. Both the streets and the people have queer names in Providence. Some of the people have "*sweet*" names. I found, too, quite a number of "*Jostlings*" in the Providence directory—distant relations, no doubt.†

"LEGAL CAP."

My manuscript is on it. Some authors are of the opinion that "legal cap" has decided advantages over

* "Theologia moralis."

† A man once gave me his reason for not "coming to his duty" at Easter. "There was," said he to me, "such a *jostling* around my confessional that he could not get near it." This is a reminiscence of *St. Columba's* in New York, where I once remember to have heard *twelve hours'* confessions inside of twenty-four hours.

"*foolscap*" for purposes of composition. As regards "legal cap" in the abstract, the specimens I have seen of it are so inferior, that it has lowered itself very much in my estimation. I know one lawyer who transacted business for a relative of mine, whom any other cap would have become much better than *legal* cap. He is said to reside in Newark, dines on divers occasions with a prominent ecclesiastic there, and transacts business down Broadway, in New York. He is a good deal accustomed to mind other people's business, and hob-nobs with B. at times about mine. Both would much rather see me occupied with something else besides the writing of this book. "*Legal cap*" and his friend are in continual apprehension lest they should be dragged into it. So is the gentleman with whom he dines in Jersey. They all probably wish heartily that they had let me alone, for this book is only the feeler for another, a sort of trial trip to see how the engine works. Even "*big engines*" have to make "*trial trips*," and in the end some one gets tripped. I can only say with the —— in the fable:

> "If this play is unfair,
> Remember I didn't begin it."

Legal cap often does away with both foolscap and percussion cap, which caps the climax.*

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* Brougham once facetiously defined a lawyer thus: "A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself."

THE ROAMING COLLAR.

"Eat a cat" must always be observed, no doubt,* and when we are in Rome, we must do as the Romans do. How do the Romans do? *Ask them how they do.* When we are in Rome, we must dress as the Romans do. We must wear the same long coats or whatever, the same broad-brimmed hats, the same knee-breeches, must adopt the same gaits and gestures; but above all things, we must wear the same collar, must be "*collared and cuffed*" as they are "collared and cuffed." The "roaming collar" is certainly a peculiar institution. It is now considerably adopted by certain *ministers*, who are "*papists*" all but the initial *p*. *Playing* church should be left to children. This oddity of a collar marks them as "*high* churchmen," and this distinguishing mark gives rise to no little "*re*-mark." *Cucullus non facit monachum*—"the hood does not make the monk" any more than "monkeyfying" altar boys with scarlet berettas makes them cardinals. Once only I did mistake one of those "dominies" for a Catholic priest, but it was not by his collar that I judged him. He made the sign of the cross in a *quasi* public place for his own private devotion, *and* he wore the *collar*. His master's name, if he had a master, was not inscribed on it. A pair of spectacles in addition to the collar helps the effect very much; it makes

* Father Soderini, S.J., Indian missionary in Oregon, was once invited to partake of *dog stew*. A squaw who sat next to him, observing his hesitation, *licked the spoon* for him. I had this from his own lips. He had the spoon from hers.

a man look "*S. collarly.*" Please do not invite me to a spelling match. I might share the fate of the girl in Schenectady who, on a similar occasion recently, gave it up on "pantaloons," and went to the foot of the class. Girls are not admitted to Union College, unless, like myself, they happen to be born there. I roam a good deal now, but I do not wear the "roaming collar." I prefer the "Favorite" (15½), or the "Livingstone," or the "Florence," or the "*Jeune Amerique*," or any of the turn-down collars.

THE MANTLE OF CHARITY.

"God help the poor," exclaimed the rich grocer, alluded to in a former chapter, and God *does* help them. How does God help them? Through the so-called charitable institutions and societies? *Not much*, according to my observation. True, some of them boast great *names*, the names of great saints, who, in their own lives, fulfilled the precept of charity in the love of God and their neighbor, and the *fruits* by which they were known. But I doubt if St. Vincent of Paul would have satisfied his conscience with comforting extreme destitution with an officious inquisitive visit, backed by fifty cents a week, two loaves of hard bread, and a small pittance of coal in mid-winter. Who, then, really help the poor? Institutions? Not much. Poor relief societies? Not much. Hospitals? Heaven save the mark. *The poor* HELP *the poor*. God's poor get their most real and substantial and adequate assistance from those who are but little if any better off than themselves,—their own companions in mis-

ery and destitution,—ofttimes their fellow-lodgers. God help the poor, for sham is so potent, even *sham charity*, that the poor must needs help themselves.

THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

The world at large have a very faint idea of the sacred obligation of inviolable and everlasting secrecy that attaches to the "*seal of confession*," as it is called in Catholic theology. The great Latin father,* St. Augustine, has given us a notion of it: *Quæ per confessionem scio, minus scio quam quæ nescio.*—S. Aug.; that is to say, "those things which I know by confession, I know less, than the things that I do not know at all." How, you ask, can that be? I answer, because what I do not know at all I am at liberty to *suspect;* but the knowledge of something which I get by hearing the confession of a penitent, I am not even at liberty to suspect, when once his confession is over and done with. But what *is* confession? To accuse ourselves of our sins to a priest, *in order* to receive absolution. You see, then, how inviolable is the secrecy of confession, to how many embarrassments it must sometimes expose the priest; sometimes to the risking of his own life or reputation. Come what will, the seal of confession must be held inviolable. I am bound sooner to commit myself, than to commit my penitent. There has been *at least* one *martyr* to the "seal of confession,"—St. John Nepomucene. He sacrificed his own life to that inviolable secrecy of the sacred

* What forbids me to call him the great *African* father?

tribunal, and now he is the martyr in heaven, who, when invoked, protects *reputations.** I believe that there have been other martyrs to the seal of confession who *are known only to God.* To trifle with the seal of confession would be one of the greatest of crimes.

Uses of a Church.

There are a class of the community—and a large class—who regard churches and priests as mere *conveniences*, very good in their way, but good in so far as they *serve a turn;* like the late Mr. D——, who introduced me to his family of young ladies as the "head of all the Irish people in Bloomfield." Mr. T——y wrote to the *Daily Advertiser* that "the Catholic priest was F. Joslin, *a great advocate of temperance.*" I replied, in the next issue, that I preferred to be called "*a great advocate for the Roman Catholic religion.*" That of course did not suit quite so well. There was less of the police officer about it. Of the two, I would rather be "head centre" than police officer. True, I held the reins, but not for the convenience of those who valued my services in that capacity more than they valued the salvation of their own souls. The more a priest will allow himself to be made the tool of a clique, the better the clique will like him. They will love him as the Fiji Island cannibals love a good fat missionary, and give him demonstrations of their affections so soon as the sermon is over;—then send entreaties

* "A slander," says J. Billings, "is like a hornet; if you can't kill it dead the first blow, you better not strike at it."

to headquarters for more of the same calibre.* They will love him as the Chinese love the Testaments and convert them into slippers. My second or third Sunday in Montclair, a boy came to me with a *notice* to put in the porch; his father had lost a *hog*, and wanted to recover him. I respectfully declined being "*sui generis*" myself.

A CHURCH WITHOUT A FRIEND.

How many of our Catholic churches look as though *they had not got a friend.* How much good would be done if, in all the great watering places and public resorts, the Catholic church was kept always open, with our Lord in the Blessed Sacament *accessible*, the altars clean and tidy, and the "Lamp of the Sanctuary"† properly minded. Such a church would do more good than many of the so-called "*missions.*" Where now are the Father Varellas and Muppiattis of the old Transfiguration church in New York?

ALTAR BOYS.

Some of my old penitents are now *priests*, some are *bishops*, some are *archbishops.* Some of my old *altar boys*

* In an account of his adventures in the Upper Nile, Colonel Long, of the Egyptian army, says that the black King of Niam Niam decapitated 30 of his subjects in honor of the visitor, who also accepted a girl as a royal gift. Through an interpreter she said: "I want very much to go with you, but it must be on condition that you will not eat me." The Colonel said he wouldn't eat her on any consideration.

† In a little work bearing the above title, attributed to Cardinal Wiseman, the use of *gas* around altars is inveighed against.

are now priests, some are lawyers, some, for all that I know, are dispensers of murderous drugs; they have taken the degree of M.D. I am proud of all my ex-altar boys that I know anything about. I meet them from time to time. Men with families introduce themselves to me here and there as having at one time in their lives served mass for me. One of them, whom I met recently, reminded me how I once told them that such boys are apt to turn out either *angels or devils*, very much *altered* boys.

ADVICE.

Advice in general is almost as cheap as sympathy, and the latter can be found in any dictionary. Advice in general is about the cheapest consolation we can offer to our neighbor in adversity. It costs us nothing. We paid nothing for it, and consequently we charge nothing for it, and it is generally regarded as a mark of high ingratitude to disregard or undervalue it. Oh, how cheap is talk! On the door of how many hearts is hung out the sign, *Advice gratis*. It should be advice *grate us;* for nothing grates more harshly on the ears of poor souls in want of substantial assistance. Not that the donor undervalues it. He flatters his inferior nature with the conceit that *his* judgment and experience is of untold value, worth indeed more than money, forgetting the golden rule that circumstances alter cases, and most of all, hard cases. The very man who confiscates your property will have at the end of his tongue a good advice for you: how to get along; what avocation suits you

best to pursue; how to practice *economy;* how to avoid extravagance; what hotel to patronize as best suiting your income, etc. *Economy* is indeed his hobby, and that horse gets ridden fairly to death. People in comfortable circumstances in this world are, as a rule, the most rigid economists. They are always worrying lest sooner or later they should not have enough. But giving advice always soothes and tranquilizes their conscience, which pricks and goads them all the time with the admonition to help and assist. This advice-business acts as a narcotic to conscience, and hushes remorse to sleep. Like another favorite narcotic, it all ends in smoke, drying up the fountains of Catholic charity as effectually as smoke dries up the muscles and sinews of a piece of beef. Smoked beef is wholesome and nutritious; *smoked heart* is quite the reverse.* *Omnes quæ sua sunt quærunt.* "All seek the things which are their own." The great Doctor of the Gentiles had an idea of the whole thing; only he said it would be worse coming on the end of the world.

"God help the poor!" exclaimed the rich grocer when the water was freezing in the gutters, and the harsh north-easter blew a chill blast; only he quietly admonished his son to put up the coal another two cents a pail.

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* "This father," said a good Redemptorist in Baltimore to the late Mr. Caswell, as he showed to him his poverty-stricken room, "this father has one poor bed, and a table and chair; but he has *piece of heart,* and that is all he wants." I am sure he did not mean *smoked heart,* which is dry and shriveled.

Consistency.

This precious jewel is derived from two Latin words, *con* and *sisto*, meaning to *stand* or *hold* together. Consequently, everything that holds together and agrees rightly with itself in mutual adaptation of parts is consistent. What does not agree rightly with itself is not consistent, is as they say inconsistent. We do not find overmuch consistency in the world, because there is not overmuch of "sober earnest." Compromise, in one shape or another, is the order of the day. A little the friend of everybody, and not too much the friend of anybody, meets all the requirements of expediency. Policy rules—forgetful that there are principles that are irreconcilable. There are great and fundamental principles that are totally irreconcilable; and so, also, there are principles of comparatively minor moment that are irreconcilable. My own disposition (as well as I am the judge of it) has always run in the direction of absolute consistency. When radically opposed to anything, I was opposed to it up and down, and in all its bearings, relations and ramifications. I could never believe that an evil tree could bring forth good fruit. No consideration could induce me to approve, in the remotest degree, of what, in my inmost convictions, I disapproved of or regarded, in the common but expressive language of the day, as *humbug*. Having the faith of God, and the faith of a *well-tried* Roman Catholic in the Catholic Church, I could never find it *in* me to have what my friend McG. has aptly designated as "faith for buncomb." Some are

very critical about the faith of their neighbor, and, for every pretext that suits their purpose, raise the mad-dog hue and cry, "O, he is losing his faith." "I will not hurt thee," said the Quaker to the dog, "but I will give thee a bad name." But the bad name killed the poor dog. "I will not hurt thee," says another, "but I will throw Jersey mud at thee; and if I throw enough, perchance some of it will stick." Forthwith a long, serious face whispers, "he is losing his faith." If he was losing his faith he would *not trouble* himself to write this book, which is a great *act of faith*, as the Spaniards express it, *auto da fé*. But you critic of true faith, have *you* the "faith of God" in your heart of hearts, or is *your* faith for something else, just mentioned a page or so back? As regards *my* faith, it has been tried in the furnace of tribulation and many adversities and contradictions, and it is only more flourishing and vigorous, and, with the help of God, it will stand. I am a *practical* Catholic: for nothing ever yet kept me from going to confession regularly and *practicing* my Catholic religion. My faith is all I have to stand on. It is very precious to me. I judge it by its fruits. I judge myself by my acts, which are acts that could not *be* except for faith.

In the meantime I am consistent. In things that are out of the domain of faith, and are no necessary part or parcel of the Catholic religion, I am *consistently* opposed to what I do not like; and nothing will ever induce me to say that *black* is *white*. Are you a Catholic? Faith, and I am; do not doubt it. I wish I had more charity; my *faith* is beyond peradventure. *Deus in adjutorium meum intende.*

Single Blessedness.

CELIBACY.*

The following scene is alleged to have been enacted in the "old country:" Pastor and curate were examining the children in catechism. "What is matrimony?" Up jumps an urchin: "A middle state of souls suffering for a time on account of their sins." "Go to the foot of the class immediately," shouted the curate. "Leave him alone," said the parish priest; "for all that either you or I know, he may be perfectly right."† Since it was first declared *not good* for a man "to be alone," *Adam's Express Company* has been extensively patronized‡ by all except Catholic priests.

"*Cœlebs*" *never* gets married. The Church says that he *must* not. The Church is right. The Church wishes for every priest what St. Paul wished for Titus: "*I wish you to be without solicitude.*" A man who is married

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* "It is a solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Rachel, a solemn spinster, to her niece. "It's a good deal more solemn not to be," replied the girl.—*Anon.*

† Here is another instance of juvenile precocity which occurred at a school examination. "Who make the laws for the country?" *Congress.* "How is Congress divided?" After quite a pause, up goes a hand; well, Sallie, give us the answer. "*Into civilized, half civilized and savage.*" If the greater the truth the greater the libel, is there not matter here for a prosecution? Dr. Brownson used to say, the church never *persecutes*, she *prosecutes.*" Some of our separated brethren may regard this as a distinction without a difference.

‡ Adam introduces himself to Eve: "*Madam, I'm Adam.*" Reads backwards the same. The author was once a member of the "*American* Express Company."

cannot be without solicitude. Will the Church never relax this discipline? I think not. And if she did, how many, think you, would avail themselves of it? Few, if any. It is against Catholic instinct. Let the priest be free as the day is long. That is the instinct of every Catholic heart. Let the priest be free. Let us be very kind to priests. That is the natural impulse of every Catholic heart. But to see a priest in any way fettered, and harassed, and annoyed, that is against the natural instinct of a Catholic heart. "I do not want any man to tyrannize over you," said once an old Catholic man to me, shaking his fist, and suiting action to words; "I don't want any man to tyrannize over you." He was a man who neglected his confession, but he took a great interest in me. That is the Catholic instinct. Whatever is most for the freedom and happiness of every priest. "Are you married, sir?" said a certain agent once to me, in a business transaction. Of course he did not know that I was a *priest*. "No," I answered, "I am not married, and never expect to be." "I do not see why *not*," he replied. "I suppose you are married," said to me an old, old gentleman whom I met on the steamboat. "No, not at all," said I. "Then you are an old bachelor." "Yes, if you choose to call me so." "Well, I don't see what *else* I can call you." He was a good old man, had no idea who I was, and his parting salutation to me on the dock was: "May you live to do a great deal of good." The Church knows what is best. Once in a great while a rampant *cœlebs* takes it into his head to

run away and "get married," and there is a time in the papers. Is that sensible?* (See Appendix.)

Monkshood.

Aconite has taken its place at the head of the *materia medica*, with a certain growing and influential school of medicine. Aconite has supplanted the lancet. So they say "*Hic jacet Sangrado*" is inscribed on the tombstone of that old and celebrated practitioner of Gil Blas notoriety. This Monk's Hood has become a great favorite. People now-a-days are not so easily *hood*-winked. It has become more difficult to pull wool over their eyes. They know that the hood does not invariably make the monk, though many a monk would thank you for the makings of a hood. Some, judging from the character of the present work, might suppose that it was itself the makings of a *Hood*. Poor Tom's a-cold. *He* did not do it. A Monk, if you choose, but not a Hood, is responsible for this *digest;* which, after all, might have been better digested before it went to press. What a pity the press would not do the rest of the work, leaving only the "*stearine*" to furnish "*adamantine*" light. "What is all this row about?" exclaimed a passer-by, as he observed a negro struggling in a crowd with the officers of a whaling vessel. "Pressing a poor nigger to get oil," was the prompt reply. Here you have the oil without any pressing, withal some *press work*. You will

* On this and some other points of ecclesiastical discipline, if one gives himself the trouble to inquire of the Church, "What are you going to do by us?" echo answers, *dubious*. All cannot be Greeks.

find it far superior to the oil of "*Jew Nipper*" for raising your spirits.

HUMAN AND INHUMAN.

Some people are too spiritual for anything. They are too good for this world. They forget that if all flesh is not literally grass, as the horse said when he bit the man's leg, that, to say the least, all men are made of flesh and blood animated by a living soul. St. Paul himself tells us that anti-christ *divides* Christ; that is to say, errs on one side by forgetting that he is really God, and on the other side by overlooking the fact that he is really a man with human affections and sympathies. His human side is the side that wins us, and draws men to Him, and here is the grand secret of the next to omnipotent power exerted by the Blessed Virgin, from whom he took his *weak* side.

CAIN AND ABEL.

My "*Club*" is as exclusive as a certain *order*, and has always been intolerant of meddlers. I have certainly had men in my employ, at different times, who were too big for their own shoes, and, were such a thing possible for them, would have been glad to have stepped into mine.*

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*In days of yore, before Arch. Hughes put down the "trustee" system, some "rampunctious" Germans are said to have rebelled and barred the church against the priest. On the following Sunday, as the story goes, one of the "*trustees*" put on the vestments and proceeded to sing "High Mass," and acquitted himself with so much *eclat* that they declared he sang "*longé meliori modo quam sacerdote*," *far better than the priest*. I heard this from my old friend Dr. Nelligan. Should this meet his eye he will see that I do not forget him. He was my successor with Father McAleer at St. Columba's, New York.

Some of them were sleek, oily fellows, polished up till you could almost see your face in them. They were raised on the bottle, when they should have been raised on the boot. The caption of this article reminds me of one of them, by reason of similarity of name. But I proved "*able*" for him, and after all he did not succeed in getting the upper hand. I was the wrong "*Munn.*"

B. Sebastian of Apparzio.

Mr. Klauser, in Sixth avenue, did me the favor to photograph a representation of the Blessed Sebastian of Apparzio, a wonderful Franciscan lay brother, who once lived in Mexico, raised oxen, and made heaps of money on them; but raised, for obvious reasons, no family, though nominally twice married, past the age of sixty. His countenance and features are indeed most remarkable. An eccentric person once *mailed back* his picture to me, "*Did not like saints with hook noses.*" I do like him, and have great confidence in his prayers. I once wrote to a lady, "I inclose to you the picture of Blessed Sebastian of Apparzio." As it happened, however, I inclosed my own *carte visite* instead, which chanced to be lying on the table. Lady herself had never seen me nor my picture. She only remarked to her mother, that Blessed Sebastian "*did not have a very mediæval look about him.*"

SAINT MARTIN.

The *New York Herald* of July 10, 1875, contains the following paragraph: "*St. Ignatius Loyola is now the patron saint of Buenos Ayres vice St. Martin, sometime Bishop of Tours, removed. Martin did not keep away the yellow fever nor the small-pox, didn't give rain when they wanted it, nor stop it when they had too much. So they have displaced him, and will try our friend Ignatius.*" Now I am going to tell you what I know about St. Martin, for I cannot let him pass with any such notice as that; and, remember, I do not indorse any such way of speaking of either him or St. Ignatius; for as St. Philip Neri used to say, when he heard any one speaking lightly about the Saints, "Play with children, but let the Saints alone." *Mirabilis Deus in Sanctis suis:* "God is wonderful in His Saints." You find God oftentimes more readily by seeking Him in the hearts of His Saints, where He reposes, than you do by seeking Him alone. If I may be allowed the expression, God is not so fond of being found alone. His Blessed Mother, Most Holy Mary, has Him always in her heart, and you can always find Him there. The same is true of His Saints, who reign with Him forever. To one He said once, "You will find me in the heart of Gertrude." He meant St. Gertrude, the daughter of St. Itta—mother and daughter both saints.

Now, what about St. Martin? What I am going to tell you happened, to my own personal knowledge, in 1857. I was then stationed at the Church of St. Co-

lumba, in New York, where Father McAleer and myself made one team, impelled by mutual "S. team." We never carried more than just so many pounds to the square inch. But we could beat any craft in our neighborhood. At that time the parish was bounded on the east by the Jesuits, on the west by the North river, on the north by the Holy Cross, on the south by St. Josephs. There was a field for sick calls for you. I will not venture to say how many times in one night I have been called up to attend the sick and dying. But that mutual "S. team" carried us safely through all, and all helped each other. Do not doubt it. One of my altar boys there was a Martin. He is now a priest—F. Martin Brophy. He was a great favorite with old Father Conroy. So was I.

But what about *Saint* Martin? Patience, reader; you do not give me time to take breath. Well, November, 1857, if I don't mistake the year, Rev. Eugene ——, who had also been my penitent, was ordained priest, and came to say his first masses at St. Columba's. On *Martinmas*, Nov. 11th, before going to vest himself for mass, he came to me as I was about entering my confessional, and interrogated me, "*For what special intention do you wish me to celebrate mass?*" I replied: "Of your charity say mass that St. Martin will send me wherewith to help the poor this coming winter." The mass was celebrated, and I did not see the celebrant again till evening. Having heard a good lot of confessions, the same as every morning, I went into the house to breakfast. Cup as usual was inverted in saucer on the table, and on

top of the cup was a letter, which I opened. Rev. J. H. C., a Redemptorist father, then in Annapolis, *one of my own converts*, whose father had died and left him a fortune, had sent me $100 "wherewith to assist the poor who would flock to me that coming winter." How quickly God had responded to that mass, which had been offered to Him in the honor of *St. Martin!*

AMUSEMENT.

It is related of St. John the Evangelist that a young archer found him one day playing with a hawk, and expressed some surprise that so holy a man and an apostle of our Lord would be found diverting himself in that way. St. John quietly asked him whether he kept his bow always bent. "Certainly not." "Why?" "Because it would lose its elasticity." "Well," replied the saint, "and you expect more of me than you do of that. I, too, would lose my elasticity if I had no relaxation of mind." There are some who expect of a priest having the care of souls what the young archer expected of St. John, and they express tacitly or otherwise the same surprise if they see him at any time with his bow unbent. They would like to see him always tied up, and perchance hear continually the "moaning of the tied." Had they lived under the old dispensation, they would have been the very ones to muzzle the mouth of the ox when he was treading out the corn. It always did me good to go away occasionally for a few days where no one would know or suspect who or what I was, and study the world without spectacles. You know I abominate judging everything

by its looks. I know, too, that *ordinarily* it is difficult for a priest to be *incog.* As Father Augustine Dantner used to say, let neither a priest nor a Jew attempt to disguise themselves. But then I held aloof from what is called the "*roaming collar.*"

Once on a time, a long, long while ago, when I used to be "scrupulous," my brother wanted me to accompany him to the opera. They were going to have a grand mock procession of monks and nuns, etc. He thought that would be an inducement. But I demurred. "They will know that I am a priest." "Well," said he, "then go '*in the disguise of a gentleman.*'" Reader, did you ever meet me in the *disguise of a gentleman?*

And still, I always felt gratified more than I can express, when any one, despite exterior, would *feel* that I was a priest. One cold December day, I passed through Newark on foot, well muffled in fur. A party of "greenhorns" came behind me. An old woman pulled me by the arm. "I thought, sir, you were a priest, because my heart warmed up to you."

I suppose that was what I once heard F. Senez speak of as the "*attraction of grace.*"

Attraho attrahere attraxi attractum.

I am not so ungrateful as to forget my "*grammar.*" She lived to the age of ninety-four, and was a living history of the scenes and incidents of the Revolutionary war.

STAGNATION.

Nations have become numerous and diverse. The land of *Ire* will never give John Bull any peace till he says,

"*You're a nation.*" The greatest of all European powers just at this present appears to be Stag Nation. Stagnation moves by the *vis inertiæ*. I have been often delighted with the little deer in the Congress Spring Park at Saratoga, some twenty-two miles from my birthplace. Those little deer belong to the Stag Nation. They do not act like it, though, for they are always on the alert, and their motions are lively. They seemed to be in a great panic when the Columbian Hotel was on fire last September (1874). Fire always makes a panic, especially among the Stag Nation. The proverbial "*lady bug*" of the old rhyme is not so easily scared;* but proceeds forthwith to the scene of action, to see to the safety of the family.

I must stop. In the present state of the business world it is not safe to indulge in a *jeu d'esprit* on the serious subject of *stagnation*.

SOLOMON, SOLOMON.

A little boy, being asked which were the three principal feasts of the Jews, promptly replied, "Breakfast, dinner and supper." My great-grandfather was a Jacobs. He was a privateer during the American revolution. Only for his good luck and skill in saving his neck he might have got suspended. He was not a Jew that I am aware of, though it did seem to me at times as though some Jewish propensities ran in the family. I have been painfully reminded of this last September.† Still

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* "*Scarabea, scarabea fugite domum.*"

† Is there in this world a secret and insidious power that is for mischief?

there are some Jacobs's who are *not* Jews. The *original* Jacobs is one. I am not an original *Jacobs*, but an original something else. It was my great happiness to be baptized by Bishop Hughes on the 16th of June, 1845. Before that, I was certainly not a Christian. Baptism makes us Christians and children of God. The Catholic Church is the family of the children of God, according to Father Duranquet's one-leaf catechism. No "*pusey*-ism" in that catechism. It is pure Catholic *dogma!* That short, clear, one-leaf catechism has done a world of good. So has the author of it. Hicks, the pirate, was one of his trophies, though he *did* call his spiritual father a "*wild Irishman*" on his way to the gallows, over at Bedloes Island.* He was *prepared* to die, and could *afford* a little fun. I have heard some droll remarks from people whose end was near. Death is not so solemn when we are *prepared* to die as it is otherwise, by any means. It is better to *be* good, than to *feel* good of the two. Hicks is alleged to have committed many murders on the high seas. Some would-be musicians and singers commit intolerable murders on the "*high C's.*" I advise them to get a "*Singer's machine*" at once, and work at it. I do not mean a *piano*, I mean a "*Singer's machine.*" I do not mean a "*Jews-harp.*"

Some have wondered how a celebrated Jew of antiquity could have played on his *Jews*-harp and *sing at the same time.* But, as an old lady on the steamboat once remarked to me, "*folks were smarter in those days than they are now.*"

* Hicks was executed on Bedloes Island. Circumstance was mentioned to me by one of the bystanders.

You see I have made ends meet, so as not to wander from my subject. It was all about Solomon, and you may pronounce it wise or *otherwise.*

PERTAINING TO THE CHINESE

My father had a great respect for the Chinese, especially for their mechanical ingenuity. He thought they were incomparable. Still, he never attempted to trace any relationship with the inhabitants of the Celestial empire, notwithstanding the fact that his own family name was made up of two Chinese monosyllables, the first of which is held in great respect by all Chinamen who have not been christianized. Permit me, for reasons best known to myself, to devote a fragmentary portion of this work to this subject at the same time terrestrial and celestial. It is only a piece of the whole work, if you choose a kind of "Chinese Chunk." Who shall we begin with?

Ah Hung has already been alluded to in the preface. He began with divers "tricks that were vain," and went on from bad to worse, until his own name became the simple inscription on his tombstone. It was a sadder case than Gray's L. E. G. in a country churchyard. What brought *it* to a country churchyard? *Ah Hung* must have got suspended. I never enjoyed that luxury. What he *did*, we are not informed. People in times by-gone have been suspended for little or nothing; for, as has been well observed, a mob is a monster;—*all heads and no brains.* "Ah Hung" discovered this when it was too late—to his sorrow. It was a suspension of the "habeas corpus," or a suspension of the "corpus," letting

alone the "habeas." That was the *unhabeast* part of it. Least said in this unfortunate case, soonest mended. Let "*Ah Hung*" rest. We will pass to other Chinamen. Kay Ting was one of the most treacherous I ever knew. Chy Loong was a great improvement on Kay Ting. No treachery about Chy Loong. He was simplicity itself, with his big almond eyes that looked all innocence. Belleville, N. J., is a great place for Chinamen. One of the most celebrated of them is "*Wash Ing.*" He works in the laundry for Mrs. D—d. A Dutchman who had just come to reside in Montclair, came over to visit the laundry, and asked him, "*Wash is your name?*" "Wash Ing," who had learned some English, replied, "Wash *is* my name." There are a good many Dutchmen in Montclair. Some think it will some day be all Dutch.

"PATSEY."

He was the most "boyish looking" of all the seminarians, and at all times a great favorite. Once on a time I paid him a visit, and he drove me around to look at his parish. Whenever we came among a crowd of them he shook his fist and raised his voice, "There they are. You see the kind you are going to have. *Don't be afraid of them.*" Of course, the folks thought that they were going to have a new "*parochus*" and my own sensations at such an unexpected publication can be better imagined than described.

Since my hegira from Montclair I wrote to him, and mentioned a funny dream that he was mixed up with. I thought that he and F. Michael and F. Daniel K. were

holding a kind of consultation about me in my own sacristy. He replied that he was very glad that he was there, so that he would keep the other "fellers" from doing any harm.

BREAKING THE ICE.

I have long cherished a certain devotion to St. Andrew the Apostle, and I believe that he has done me more than one signal favor. Six or seven years ago I was in great straits, coming on the feast of St. Andrew.* So one Saturday night I prayed very hard to St. Andrew to send me a friend. On Monday morning, shortly after the train arrived from New York, the door bell rang. This happened in Montclair. Who could it be? I hastened down to the door, and there stood Father McAleer, whom I had not seen for several years; for, if you choose, there had been a kind of "coolness between friends." St. Andrew had broken all the ice, and good Father McAleer had come to be to me just what I needed, a friend in whom I could confide.

In the affairs of my soul, he has been a big part of the Providence of God to me.†

HART'S ISLAND.

Mr. H.'s room in the old seminary at Fordham was next to mine. F. Sola always addressed him as "*Domi-*

* November 30th.

† Dr. Benjamin F. Bowers (deceased February 7, 1875) and Father McAleer have reminded me very much one of the other in the sincerity of their attachment to me. The latter is my earthly representative of St. Michael the Archangel, his own powerful "*patroon*." I write in the land of the Van Rensselaers and Knickerbockers.

A Coolness Between Friends.

mus Kart." He knew him as one of the best theologians in the class. I may as well say at once, *he stood at the head*, and in a widely different sense from the boy who was *next* to the head, and himself and "*another* girl" composing the class. It is only till within a few years past I knew Mr. H.'s name was connected with an island in the Sound, just this side of Glen Cove, not far from the McLoughlin domain at New Rochelle. I want very much to see Mr. H. since he last wrote to me concerning this book, but I have not yet found it convenient to run over to the land of steady habits, where he resides. He always reminded me of Dr. John W. Draper, who taught me chemical manipulation. I have learned other kinds of "manipulation" since, along with considerable "engineering." Mr. H. sent me a remonstrance, without a remittance, for which, however, he will accept my "*hart*"-felt thanks, as the tone was respectful. He feared "lest I should make the church's *Hart* bleed. That is not my *forte*. Had he sent me a *remittance*, I would have excused the *remonstrance*;—but perhaps this work would have been minus a chapter. So to this chapter let us say "*ter minus.*"

The Irish M. P.

I was never "*alone with the stars.*" Yet some "*M. P.'s*" are very good friends of mine; for instance, my excellent friend Peter Murphy. M. P. are two very obliging initials. They answer equally for Metropolitan Police and Member of Parliament. This chapter refers

to these twin letters in the latter acceptation. Was I ever a member of parliament? No, but I was *taken for one.* It happened after this fashion: Sunday, November 29th, 1874, having arrived in Providence, R. I., I proceeded to attend High Mass at St. Joseph's Church. This procedure or procession, or whatever made it necessary to invoke the assistance of a hackman, as St. Joseph's Church stands at no inconsiderable distance from the City Hotel. No baggage but breviary. No baggage smasher required. Arrived at the church, which is large enough for a cathedral, I descended from the vehicle, entered the sacred edifice, petitioned for a seat, and was shown pretty well up the side aisle toward the altar. Having kneeled and said some prayers, I sat down. I soon perceived a *scholarly*-looking sexton, with the inevitable spectacles across his nose, making toward me. Was he going to box me in some other pew? No. He requested my name. O, I replied, I am no stranger to Father Kelly, and intend to call on him this evening. "But," said he, "Father Kelly did not tell me to speak to you, only they have it around since you came in, that there is a great man in the church, a *Member of Parliament from Ireland.*"

DULCAMARA.

This valuable medicinal agent is also known as "Bitter-Sweet." It is good after getting the feet wet, and when the patient, having caught cold, shows great restlessness and impatience. Whether it grows around Providence,

R. I., or not, I am not informed, although I have seen specimens that were brought from Cranston.*

CHAMPAGNE.

Some object strongly to this luscious beverage. I object to *sham* anything at all. Yet just at this present, sham is all the go. It has found its way into the very sanctuary. The very offices of the church are carried out, in places, the *most* possible according to the good pleasure of the world, and the *least* possible consistently with their essentials, according to the good pleasure of God. *Ad captandam* has become the motto, and shoddy reigns supreme.

Father Ryan having completed a church at Yonkers, somewhere about the year 1849, took with him a party of us seminarians to assist at the dedication. Just before vespers, looking out of the door of the *sacristy*,† and observing but a handful of people, he remarked that it was hardly worth while to have vespers. Here Father Beavenut spoke up: "*Let us have vespers for Almighty God.*" Does my old friend F. Augustus Langkake remember the occurrence?

Potent sham has so far prevailed that no institution, however specious, is not infected with it, and the saying of the Apostle realized in a perverted sense; for in these days too true it is that *charity covers a multitude of sins.*

* This chapter is almost as short as some in the autobiography of St. Angela of Foligno, which are only *two lines* in length. But then the admirable *simplicity* which induced such *brevity!* St. Angela, "*short* and sweet," leaves little untold.

† Why will *Catholics* use that abominable word "*vestry*"?

Brown stone and Gothic architecture do not pertain to the essence of the true religion.

MENDICANTS.

Beg, borrow, steal. That is the question: Which? Don't *beg* the question. Professional mendicants have become a nuisance. They intrude on every privacy. You see them around every corner and in every shop. We have swarms of professional mendicants. Not the poor man to whom I give the price of his night's lodging, or a "bit to eat." Not the poor creature with a child in her arms, God help her, who don't know which way she will turn. But women calling themselves religious, and boasting the habit of St. Francis, who follow "that servile shadow of lazy beggary which is the fleshly interpretation of his divine aim."* No house, no tenement, no store, no office, no hotel, no parish, no group of laborers is free from their intrusion. They are around and among us like so many inquisitors, and heaven knows what their real mission is. True, they wear a holy habit, and holy names are on their tongues all the while that money is in question. They are the administrators of institutions gotten up in the sweet name of charity. But how many in those institutions experience disinterested kindness, I would like to know. I believe in my heart that St. Francis would send the greater part of them about their business, were he here on earth, for he did not inculcate "the servile shadow of lazy beggary."

* Mrs. Oliphant.

John Bull, with all his misdoings, holds some true principles; and not the least of them, that one which declares every man's house to be his castle. But no one's apartments are his own, be he Catholic or otherwise, under the existing system which is so rapidly growing upon us. *Cui bono?* We have come into an age when it is not strictly necessary for a woman to put on a long black dress and a veil, if she has a mind to comfort the wretched or give help to the needy; nor to be styled "a sister," in order to act in a sisterly way. Wherefore this boasted poverty, along with an undisguised zeal to amass a small fortune.

It all reminds me of the man who advertised that he was going to sell all his goods and give to the poor; first his poor creditors; then his poor relations, and finally his poor self. True charity begins at home and then goes abroad. This ostentatious poverty-stricken charity, although being feminine it cannot wear a "roaming collar," goes strolling through the streets a professional beggar through the day, and home at night to count the spoils. St. Anthony of Padua defend us!

Small Profits.

I observed this sign over a store window. It set me to thinking. First it made me think of the old conundrum: "Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a milkman? Ans. Because she took a little profit out of the water." You will say "small prophets are better than no prophets." I think not. I do not believe in little predictions.

I can sooner put up with *contra*-dictions, *counter*-irritants, and all those sort of things. These small prophets esteem themselves a kind of fortune-tellers. I have about as much respect for the one as the other. It is only the difference of a name. I do not care much for your too *positive* people, in any shape or form. Everything must go by *their* criterion. *Experience* with them is infallible, whereas St. Bernard had very little confidence in it. Your small prophets believe more in the rules of mathematics and of experience than in anything else. *Faith*, with them, is at a discount. But I always admired the motto of a certain bishop's signet ring, "*Fide non specie.*" 'By *faith*, not by appearances." Faith is more certain than appearances, more certain than mathematics, more certain than experience, and confounds small prophets.

"WAIT."

Festina lente, or "hasten slowly," almost the equivalent of *wait*, were the pioneer words of this work. "Wait," in nine cases out of ten is prudent advice Stop in *Tarrytown*, and see my old friend F. Egan. Do not be *too* fast. Fast is one of the vices of the age; *fast*, always, saving and excepting when the call is charity; in which latter case one seems to feel his *own* weight every step he takes. The church herself did not go ahead all at once. She *waited* for the day of Pentecost, when the mighty rushing wind should fill her sails. Her crew were all on board. She was officered and manned with St. Peter at the helm. But she did not set sail.

She waited for the Spirit of God, the divine breath, the author and giver of life, who was sent by Him who came that He might give us Life, and we might have it more abundantly.

I have seen inscribed on an old piece of family silver, the words "*ora et labora*"—"pray and labor." In how many cases should our motto be, *Wait and pray*, or, as Father Dumbresse* used to say. "*expecta paulisper.*" To what lisper, I would ask, was allusion made? Did any Paul ever lisp?

Let us pause here for awhile, and stop in Tarrytown, and put on swallow-tail coats and white vests, and all be *waiters*. But I am resolved and determined not to be a *dumb waiter*.

BLACK MAIL.

A circular, which was issued a few months before the completion of this work, will be found in the *Appendix*. The circular elicited quite a series of correspondence, to which I shall presently allude, of divers import. For instance, while one sent me a generous remittance, another sent me a "*remonstrance*" without a remittance; and one who, "for good manners," shall here be nameless, whispered such a word as "*black mail.*" Did he mean King The-odorous, or who or what *did* he mean? It was certainly a remarkable expression. And why is not *black male* as good as black anybody else? Who makes any objections? I always liked colored waiters. They

* The printer did that; don't blame me. I can make him furnish the "*proof.*"

are polite and attentive. They seem to be specially cut out for their vocation. Not one of them ever doubted my "*voracity.*" They vied with each other who could serve me best. Some of them are great cooks, nor got their experience on the Fiji Islands. So if you really want to scare me, try any way you like, only don't expect to with any such word as *black mail.* I shall still issue the book.

THE VALUE OF MONEY.

Money is a necessary evil. How much uneasiness and anxiety a little money will sometimes relieve, and just then it seems so hard to get it, and so mysterious that others seem to have more than they know what to do with. Yet God knows how to carry on a great business with what the world regards as a small capital. He does not suffer himself to be bound by the rules of arithmetic. There are more things hidden in the abyss of His wisdom than our philosophy dreams of. God sometimes seems to feel our necessities little by little, and to relieve them accordingly, as Ven. Louis de Ponte has well observed.* *His* progress, to the uninitiated, often looks like two steps forward and one step backward, as good F. Legonais, S.J., has expressed it.

It is a very common saying, "If you wish to know the value of money (shent per shent) try to borrow it." But when I see a rich, penurious, hard-fisted man who has hoarded money that he has acquired contrary to the

* Ven. Louis de Ponte Meditations. Six volumes.

laws of justice, by wronging others of what, in the sight of heaven, belonged to them;—I say, that man values money *immensely*, for he has periled his own soul for every dollar of it. No wonder that he values it. No wonder that his *charity* goes by dribbles. No wonder that he parts with it "hard." It has cost him the risk of his soul.

Education.

"He never went to free school; nor any other college; and the white folks they all wondered, where the nigger got his knowledge."

"Old Uncle Ned."

We live in stirring times. *Education* is agitated. Born and brought up in college myself, I have always taken a *lively* interest in the subject; so lively, indeed, that I sincerely hope never to have anything to do with any educational institution. My vocation is either to be a parish priest or a gentleman. I see no alternative. And after all, a gentleman is not the worst man in the world. I think they are very much needed. Roughs are rather in the ascendancy. Let us have a few more gentlemen. How shall we teach the young idea to shoot? Does the Catholic Church really mean that they must all be handed over to the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of Charity? It is said that the venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati, for one, is reluctant to damn with the epithet "*godless*" all schools that have not fallen into the clutches of either Christian Brothers or Sisters of Charity.

THE JESUITS.

St. Joseph, watch over this chapter! Let it be known by its fruits. Do not look in your dictionary for the definition of Jesuit. No infallibility has been promised to dictionaries. St. Ignatius Loyola, the noble hero of Pampeluna, said to all of them as St. Paul said to the first Christians. "Be ye imitators of me, as I am of Christ." *The Jesuits are men of prayer.* This is, in my opinion, the highest encomium that can be passed upon them. They are *men of prayer.* Are they politic? They follow their *vocation*, and their *vocation* is to be men of prayer, and they cannot be men of prayer without being men of *good works.* I used to know one, who divided his time between the "Tombs," or city prison, and one of the "Island Institutions." That was the Island of his heart. Many a poor outcast and criminal, if you like to call him so, has praised and blessed God for the privilege of a good Jesuit father confessor. Are the Jesuits cunning? Taken as a body politic they are by no means simpletons. They are a great society, and every great society ought to be governed wisely and with a view to its own protection. The Divine Master bade his disciples to be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." The Jesuits have not disregarded this advice. If neither we nor our spiritual advisers have the simplicity of the dove, combined with the cunning of the serpent, how shall we cheat the devil, who goes about everywhere seeking whom he may devour? From *his* snares deliver us, O Lord! I have received great spiritual favors through

ST. JOSEPH.

Imago quæ veneratur in Ecclesia
S. Claudii, Romæ.

the Jesuits, and look upon them for *that* reason as my benefactors. Faint praise is always distasteful. The more downright abuse they get, the better they flourish. Ditto of the extreme reverse. I must confess a partiality for religious orders composed like the Jesuits of *priests*. The only thing that ever puzzled me about the Jesuits was, why they celebrated the birthday of George Washington.

The Shakers.

Schenectady, *July 10th*, 1875.

Yesterday afternoon I took a drive out to the Shaker village at Niskayuna, some nine miles distant. When last I was there, quite a child, they were just building the first railroad in America, which was from Albany to Schenectady.* Among my personal effects which have been appropriated by those to whom they do not belong, is a picture of the first railroad train in America, from Albany to Schenectady, with all the passengers, among whom was Thurlow Weed. Sometimes I pray St. Anthony of Padua, who is very powerful, as well as very prompt to restore to me all that rightfully belongs to me. I believe that he will do it yet. Well, the last time that I saw that Shaker village, I could not have been more than five years old. But I remembered it, with its plank walks, and neat white posts with chains through them. It does not present quite the same neat, tidy appearance now as it did then, although neatness predominates. You

*The first *steam train* in America was from Albany to Schenectady.

would suppose that they belonged to that school who count neatness as akin to what the non-Catholic world call "godliness," but which Catholics designate as "piety."* These Shakers were very partial to my aunt, then Miss Lydia Titus, and tried hard to persuade her to join them. She would not be converted. So they lost one good-looking girl. I spoke first yesterday to Abbie Messenger, who joined them the same year that I was born—1827. I told her about Mrs. Bowers, but she did not happen to remember her. I told her that she had probably seen me before, æt. 5. I was so much altered that she did not remember me. Age does indeed make a great change in people's appearance. They did not even remember my grandfather, Mr. Platt Titus, the first proprietor of the Troy House, where my mother was born. Abbie Messenger left me sitting a good while in the "office," while I suppose their own "holy office" was holding an inquisition over me. There was not a picture of any kind in the room, which might otherwise have been taken for a convent parlor. There was only a map of the Albany and Schenectady townships. Just as I began to get uneasy, like the man who thought they were heating the poker to make a Freemason of him, Abbie made her appearance accompanied by Ephraim Prentice, the patriarch of the Community, æt. 74. His hair was combed straight down square across his forehead, and he had a tuck in his pantaloons, which seemed to be in the neighborhood of a yard wide. Ephraim

* Catholics say "*piety*" and "*justice*," instead of "*godliness*" and "*righteousness*."

told me that having received an injury to his spine, and being subject to fits, (which did not fit him any better than his pantaloons,) he was unable to work, and consequently detailed to wait on visitors and show them about the place. He seemed very desirous to impress me that he was a very dull, ignorant, uneducated man, but I must do him the justice to say that he gave me as clear-headed, lucid an idea of the distinctive doctrinal tenets of the Shakers as Rev. Father Maldonado himself did of the Catholic theology. Ephraim must pardon me, but I will *not* give in that he was either ignorant, or dull, or stupid, or uneducated, or anything of the kind, as he would wish me to believe. He was clear-headed and shrewd *enough*, all the *fits* in the world to the contrary, not excepting even the fit of his own pants. Remember that all this time Ephraim did not suspect in the slightest that he was talking to a Catholic priest. I was attired, myself, in a broad-brimmed Panama hat and a white vest, and had more or less the swing of a doctor. For all that, Ephraim, when he *did* find out who I was, paid me the compliment of saying that he thought I was "some kind of a pious man," and that when he first approached me he "felt his spirit attracted to me." So I put in a word about guardian angels. I ascertained that he had once held a three hours' controversy with a priest in Troy, whom he designated as the "holy father," and that he declined to prolong the interview with the "holy father," as he saw as little prospect of converting F. Edwards to Shakerism as there was of the "holy father" converting Ephraim to the Catholic church. I told

Ephraim that I was a "man of prayer," and in my own mind I resolved then and there to remember him in my prayers—as I have since in reality done.* He accepted very graciously from me, some pictures of St. Joseph and the infant Jesus, and some prayers I once composed and had printed in honor of St. Michael the Archangel. One of those same pictures of St. Joseph that I gave to Ephraim will be found accompanying this volume. Ephraim took me first to "their place of worship," a very large and plain one-story frame building. There were two entrances; over the one was inscribed "*Males*," over the other "*Females*." I should have preferred to see the words *Men* and *Women*. There is a hint for your public schools. Why not say *Boys* and *Girls?* which is much more modest and puts fewer thoughts into children's heads. The inside of this "place of worship" revealed a very large floor for dancing, with a few seats for visitors, the seats rising one above the other, and so arranged that *men* and *women* occupied different sides. After the *dancing*, which they regard as a sign of spiritual joy and gratitude, they have preaching and singing; intending shortly to introduce *music*, meaning *organic remains restored*, or what the Scotchman called, a "*box of whustles.*"† Ephraim told me that *Anne Lee* foretold that there would be music as well as singing, and at no distant day, a great influx of Shaker

* St. Philip Neri used to say, "there is nothing the devil fears so much, or so much tries to hinder, as *prayer*."

† "How well he plays for one so young," exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "and how much his little brother *looks* like him."

converts, for just at present they are rather thinning out. This Anne Lee was the foundress of the Shakers, a kind of Mother Seton among them (I intend no comparison). She fled from England to America on account of persecution, lived for some time on an island in the swamp where this very village now stands, and died there and was buried there, so that what is left of the mortal remains of Anne Lee are now in Niskayuna. Ephraim regards Anne Lee as the woman of the Apocalypse, who fled into the desert with two wings given her by God. This *spoke* astonished me very much. The Shakers do not marry, every village is one *family*. If I understood Ephraim aright, marriage is one step removed from the perfection of christianity. This reminds me of an extra pious penitent to whom I once exhibited (out of confession of course) the picture of the blessed Sebastian of Apparizio, at the same time stating the fact that he had been twice married after he was sixty years old. She raised her hands in holy horror, exclaiming "*and a saint afterwards?*" Yes, I replied, *and a saint all the time.*

One of the uninitiated told me how *he* believed things were managed in Shakerdom, but what did *he* know about it, any more than Artemus Ward? The Shakers, if I understood Ephraim aright, hold that Adam and Eve were *faster* than God wished them to be, and would not wait for His time.

Marriage, according to Shaker Ephraim, places in the world a crop of souls; and truly spiritual men have to reap the harvest. But those who *reap* the harvest must not get married. Like many other religious corpora-

tions, the Shakers are immensely wealthy, holding all things in common, and manufacturing almost everything; between Brother Hood and Sister Hood. As Ephraim said, if they work, they work for themselves, and not as hirelings. Like *other* wealthy *close corporations*, the individual members seem wide awake for any shrewd bargain.

Just before my departure, Ephraim asked me what occupation I followed. Believing that the greater glory of God required an open confession, I replied that I was a Catholic priest. *Sacerdos in æternum secundum ordinem Melchisedec.* I betray my incog. only when I believe that it is A. M. D. G., for the greater glory of God.

Ephraim did indeed seem at first astonished to find that he had been talking with a priest, but when a little recovered remarked that he had found far more sympathy among the Catholics than anywhere else, and was listened to more patiently and respectfully. I replied, that the *Truth* was not afraid to face anybody and be patient. As De Maistre has remarked, "*The truth never gets angry.*"* Ephraim told me that when I came again, I should have what was left of him. I replied that I should claim it. Being past the hour of Community meal, no refreshment was offered me. "Yea, yea," and "nay, nay," was the whole style of communication. †

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* Conquer anger by mildness, evil by good, falsehood by truth.—*Sacred Book of the Buddhists.*

† Some queer stories are told in Schenectady. A gentleman who went over to see them *was* offered some refreshment, but politely declined. Afterwards he changed his mind; thought, after

The Ancient Order.

It having been reported that the celebrated priest of St. Philip Neri, Dr. Newman, had once been refused admission to the Society of Jesus, the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*, in a recent issue, "squelches the falsehood"* by stating that Dr. Newman never *sought* admission to that illustrious Society, although he holds, and always will hold, individual members of it in the highest esteem. I never but once sought admission to an Order. I did once apply to be admitted to the deliberations of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and enrolled in their number. What was my mortification and surprise to be politely repulsed with *no*, positively *no*;—that in order to be eligible, I must be either an Irishman or the son of an Irishman. This seemed hard. It was a buffer of a rebuff. It did not take me long after that to make up my mind that Jersey *could* do without me, if the Ancient Order could. Jersey *has* done without me—would you credit it? As "*Arthur*" used to say, the world still moves. So do I. I have not stopped moving. Some think that just at present I am on the war path. I tell them I have buried the hatchet. They say the handle sticks out. It is only one of those *rocket sticks*. Jersey continues to be the great dormitory for thousands of New

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all, he would like to have some; but got for his sole satisfaction this rebuke: "*Friend, thee liest.*" They never ask you the second time, if once you have "*declined*," just as they themselves do not "*conjugate*."

* *Ipsissima verba Telegraphi.*"

Yorkers who are indifferent to mud and musquitoes. The trains come and go. Only the Midland railroad is in difficulties, since money makes the car go. As young bootblack once remarked to me, when I settled with him, "every thing you give the conductor is *fare*;"—at least it is to be presumed so. It is not so true of the reverse, that is to say, what the conductor gives you. A Jerseyman, above all, should know how to conduct himself before he undertakes to conduct a train of cars, or anything else.

THE SOLEMN BOOK AGENT.*

He was tall and solemn and dignified. One would have thought him a Roman senator on his way to make a speech on finance, but he wasn't—singularly enough, he wasn't. He was a book agent. He wore a linen duster, and his brow was furrowed with many care-lines, as if he had been obliged to tumble out of bed every other night of his life to dose a sick child. He called into a tailor shop, on Randolph street, removed his hat, and took his "Lives of Eminent Philosophers" from its cambric bag and approached the tailor with:

"I'd like to have you look at this rare work."

"I haf no time," replied the tailor.

"It is a work which every thinking man should delight to peruse," continued the agent.

"Zo?" said the tailor.

"Yes, it is a work on which a great deal of deep

* Too good to be lost, and so I have *incorporated* it.

thought has been expended, and it is pronounced by such men as Wendell Phillips to be a work without a rival in modern literature."

"Makes anybody laugh when he zees it?" asked the tailor.

"No, my friend, this is a deep, profound work, as I have already said. It deals with such characters as Theocritus, Socrates and Plato and Ralph Waldo Emerson. If you desire a work on which the most eminent author of our day has spent years of study and research, you can find nothing to compare with this."

"Does it shpeak about how to glean cloze?" anxiously asked the man of the goose.

"My friend, this is no receipt book, but an eminent work on philosophy, as I have told you. Years were consumed in preparing this volume for the press, and none but the clearest mind could have grasped the subjects herein discussed. If you desire food for deep meditation you have it here."

"Does dis pook say someding about der Prussian war?" asked the tailor as he threaded his needle.

"My friend, this is not an every-day book, but a work on philosophy—a work which will soon be in the hands of every profound thinker in the country. What is the art of philosophy? This book tells you. Who were and who are our philosophers? Turn to these pages for a reply. As I said before, I don't see how you can do without it."

"Und he don't haf anydings about some fun, eh?" inquired the tailor, as the book was held out to him.

"My friend, must I again inform you that this is not an ephemeral work—not a collection of nauseous trash, but a rare, deep work on philosophy. Here, see the name of the author. That name alone should be proof enough to your mind that the work cannot be surpassed for profundity of thought. Why, sir, Gerrit Smith testifies to the greatness of this volume."

"I not knows Mr. Schmidt—I make no cloze mit him," returned the tailor in a doubting voice.

"Then you will let me leave your place without having secured your name to this volume. I cannot believe it! Behold what research! Turn these leaves and see these richest gems of thought! Ah! if we only had such minds and could wield such a pen! But we can read, and in a measure we can be like him. Every family should have this noble work. Let me put your name down; the book is only twelve dollars."

"Zwelve dollars for der pook! Zwelve dollars und he has noddings about der war, und no fun in him, nor say noddings how to get glean cloze! What you take me for, mister? Go right away mit dat pook, or I call der bolice und haf you locked up pooty quick."

GEORGE WASHINGTON NO CHEMIST.

"He could not tell a *lye*." *Quid inde?* What consequence do I deduce? He could not have been a chemist, he knew more about hatchet than he did about chemistry. He should have buried that hatchet and studied chemistry. He was no *Lie-big*. He could not discern acid

from an alkali. He was unskilled in the use of litmus and turmeric. He never made *soap*, for of all things there is a heap of lye in it. "Why are our statements like a piece of soap?" exclaimed a celebrated plaintiff to a celebrated defendant. "Because," answered the first astute propounder of the conundrum, "there is a heap of *lye* somewhere in them." The juvenile Washington *could* do mischief, and was honest and candid enough to acknowledge it in those memorable words, "I did it with my little hatchet." But he could not tell a *lye*. He was not the son of a soap boiler. He was none of your shoddy aristocracy. He was not an incipient *Lie-big*. He had never studied the elementary chemistry for children, reduced by some genius to a kind of *gas* metre, in which we read the following highly instructive lines:

"Some water and oil, one day had a broil;
As into a glass they went dropping,
And would not unite, but continued to fight
Without any prospect of stopping.
Some potash o'er heard, and as quick as a word,
He jumped in the midst of the clashing,
When all three agreed, and united with speed,
And soap was created for washing."

Mass of St. Michael.

I do not remember ever to have celebrated the mass of St. Michael the Archangel, without being witness or participator in some occurrence on the same day that demonstrated the power of his protection. I once drove to Boonton, some fourteen miles, after saying the mass

of St. Michael. On my return the carriage was dashed to pieces by reason of a vicious horse, but thanks to God and St. Michael, all escaped unhurt. Of course I always wear the scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, which is itself the greatest protection. Soon after I went to take charge of my parish, I said the mass of St. Michael one morning, hoping that he would send me an organist. Sure enough, as I went into the house I met an old man coming out who told me his name was Michael,* and who proved to be one of the most accomplished Catholic organists whom I have ever met with.†

"Vocheens."

There is hardly a church in New York but is beset by a small brigade of old grannies of both sexes, women, however, predominating, who make an appearance of extra piety, but, in the language of St. Paul, deny the power and virtue thereof; for, as the Apostle St. James has observed, it is in vain to call yourself religious if you do not govern your tongue. For this class of people the Irish language has an expressive name. They call them "*Vocheens.*" That they have *no* real piety, I would not take on myself to say. Some one or another of them does possibly pray in a way that is more or less acceptable to God. But take them as a class, they betray, for the most part, a fund of spiritual pride. They mind

* Kessler.

† T. F. Harrington, Ernestina Hohman and James Ashton were also superb organists. Old Michael was at the same time an incomparable violinist.

every one's else spiritual business much more than they do their own. Religion and its adjuncts are to them something to *talk* a great deal about; and O, what incalculable mischief they accomplish! "By their *fruits* ye shall know them; do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Those who, under ever so pious a guise, do in reality the *work* of the devil, must be accounted his children, who was "a *liar* from the beginning." The class of busy-body "pious" people to whom I allude are, I believe, *one* of the curses of almost every church in New York. They would die if there was never any news.

"SERMONS."

What is a sermon? Must it be just so long or just so short? One point, to my mind, is of more consequence than all. Your audience should be more enlightened and better instructed at the end of your discourse, than they were at the beginning. Their mind should be instructed, their conscience enlightened, their faith strengthened. They should know more, going out of the church, than they knew when they came in. Of how many sermons can this be said, that your audience are aware of anything that they were not aware of before, as well as yourself? What a mine of instruction lies buried in such old Latin books as "*Hortus Pastorum*," "*Lohner's Bibliotheca Concionatoria*," "*Houdry*,"* Ludolph of Saxony's "*Vita Christi*," and a hundred others! How the Catholic faithful would be delighted were those mines

* Do not pronounce him "*How dry*," for he is just the reverse.

of the truth developed, opened to them, even for a few minutes at a time! People do not *know* enough. Even the *truth* suffers either from being *exaggerated*, or placed in a false position, or being viewed in a false light. The worst feature of heresy is, that it is generally a *quantum* of truth adulterated with a heap of error and falsehood. We have not only to propound the truth, but to present the truth itself in its true light. St. Gregory the Great, in his famous "*De cura pastorali*," has well shown that different classes of auditors are to be admonished in a different style, suited to their various different circumstances, trials and temptations. And here, before I conclude, one more word. How seldom is Our Blessed Lady mentioned! How much more seldom one word about St. Joseph, *even on his own festivals!**

THE WORK OF CONVERSION.

The Catholic Church, to be consistent with herself, *must* proselytize. Such momentous truths as she is made the depositary of, cannot lie dormant. You answer, yes, certain bands of missionaries go about giving "*missions*." It appears to me that they go about, preaching the faith to those who have already got it, and who do not stand in such

* An ecclesiastic, who was suddenly called on to officiate in presence of Cardinal M——, informed him, by way of excuse for the imperfection of his discourse, that not having had time for preparation, he had been obliged to rely entirely on the aid of the Holy Spirit, but that next time he had the honor to preach before his eminence, he hoped to be able, by more careful preparation, to acquit himself better.—*Weekly paper.*

vital need of their labors as thousands and tens of thousands who are living and dying in infidelity, and groping about in the dark to find the truth. They go where it is lucrative, and preach the faith, for the most part, to the faithful, and even at that the booby door-tenders now and then exclude the very poor, or, perchance, some one who wants to save his soul does not *belong to the parish*. Our Lord made it one of the marks of His Church, "*The poor have the gospel preached to them.*" In view of these facts, my only consolation is in the charitable belief that souls known only to God, and whose name is legion, address themselves earnestly to God and the Blessed Virgin in behalf of the millions of poor souls destitute of spiritual succor in their dire extremity, that moment on which eternity depends.*

The Fine Ale.

Glad to hear that word! you exclaim: that we are at last going to have the "*fine ale*"—not what Dr. Nelligan facetiously called the "Irish supplement to the Roman breviary," but the last brick of this first volume of the "brick-bat" series. Being only an "attenuation," it will not be found too heavy for any one to carry. Several have been "*set down*," in order that the reader may be able to "*carry one*" according to the ancient rules of

* Bishop Cheverus of Boston, afterwards made Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, used to receive invitations from different Protestant congregations in Massachusetts to occupy their pulpits, and he frequently *accepted the invitation*.

arithmetic. We hope they are all comfortably seated. Have I unfortunately made anybody restless? Does he ask uneasily, "*What next?*" Will the succeeding volume be an iron-clad? Whoever you chance to be, let the *fine ale*, which I now offer you, put all such disquieting reflections, for the time being, out of your head. You have patiently perused this one. Whether you are an M.D. or not, I advise you never to be without *patience*. Your patient perusal deserves a reward. Having no chromo at hand, or other premium, I offer you the "*fine ale*." Being *sui generis*, I have produced a work in keeping;—*like myself and nobody else*. I have done more. I have discovered what Mrs. Partington would have called my "*jocular vein*." In this sense, and this only, has, I trust, the work been *suicidal*.

My motto, as much as that of those who inscribe it on their banners, is A. M. D. G. If I have either edified or amused you, it has been *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*.

Will I have raised a crop of unkind critics, every mother's son of them incurring my animadversion, *a la* Charles Lamb,* who could "lick" a score of them, "*the more I think of him the less I think of him.*"†

Here ends the first volume of my "brick-bat" series. Till next we meet. *Valete*.

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* Latin, Lambo, "to lick."

† Lamb's Sonnet, entitled *The Gipsy's Malison*, was returned to him by the editors of the magazines. In a letter to a friend, he told him of the failure, and added humorously, "Hang the age! I'll write for posterity."

"What Next?" as the Frog said when his tail fell off.

APPENDIX.

COPY OF CIRCULAR.

"FESTINA LENTE."

NEW YORK, *May 26th*, 1875.

DEAR SIR:

The undersigned has in course of preparation, shortly to be issued, a work partaking of the character of an autobiography, embracing my relations with various persons and officials for a period of upwards of twenty-three years. Should anything of importance occur to you regarding our own past mutual relations, you will oblige me by communicating the same at your earliest convenience, as I am desirous of presenting only an accurate statement of facts, leaving the reasonable deductions therefrom to be drawn at leisure. And as my present position is one of pecuniary embarrassment, I shall receive with pleasure either remittances for the undertaking, or subscriptions for a designated number of copies of the work.

I remain, with sincere regard,

Yours truly, etc.

The author is in possession of the following, in the handwriting of Father Muppiatti. It was presented to me by Mrs. Donaldson, one of his oldest penitents, who treasured it as a great relic. Here it is:

"When you have spiritual trouble, or doubts, or you stand in need of a counsel in your particular business, go to your room, kneel

down, and in the presence of an image of the Blessed Virgin Mary, ask advice from her with great confidence, because she is our dear mother, she is our counsellor, is the best friend that we have. After that, resolve according to that you feel in your mind, in your heart, always according to justice. (1 minute or 2.)"

"As often as you go out, as often as you go back to your house, go to your room, kneel down, and ask the blessing of the Blessed V. Mary; you are almost certain that you will not commit sins; however, you will have the assistance of the Blessed V. Mary. (1 minute or less.)"

"That was the conduct of many saints."*

CELIBACY (Page 61).

Pope Alexander VII., asking the celebrated Greek, Leo Allatius, why he did not enter into orders? he answered: "Because I desire to have it in my power to marry if I choose." The Pope adding, "And why do you not marry?" Leo replied, "Because I desire to have it in my power to enter into orders if I choose."

INVOCATION TO ST. MICHAEL, ALLUDED TO IN THIS WORK.†

GLORIOUS ARCHANGEL ST. MICHAEL, defend us, pray for us, fight for us, conquer for us. Who is like God? or who is like St. Michael to do His battles? Prince of the heavenly host, come to our help. Queen of Angels, Mary Immaculate, send St. Michael to help us now and when we die.

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* I have copied, *verbatim et literatim*, the broken English of F. Muppiatti from the old piece of paper I have.

† Printed for Rev. TITUS JOSLIN, Church of St. Michael the Archangel, New York, 1861.

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